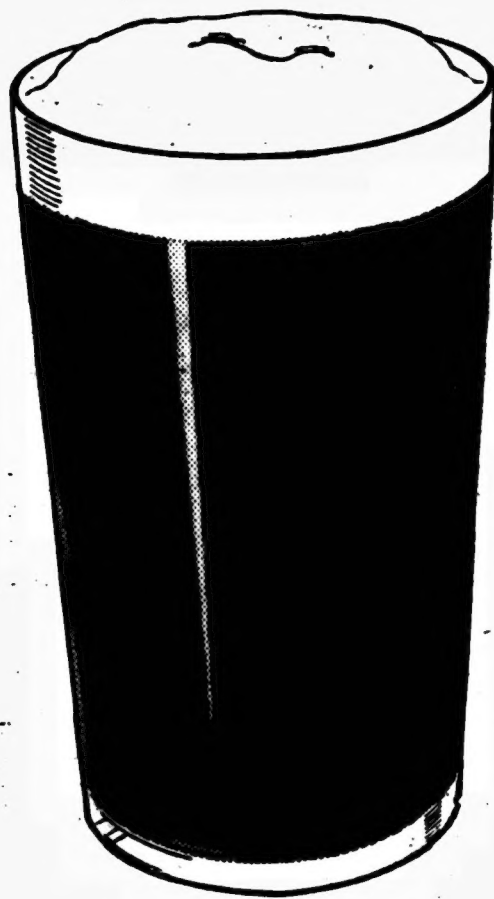


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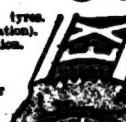
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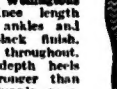
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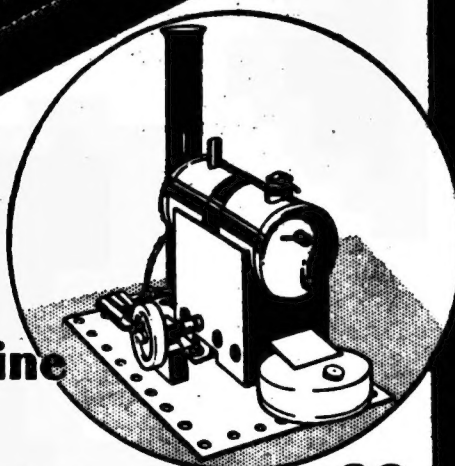
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THURSDAY

for week ending Saturday, November 5, 1932. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 13d. 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468. Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

Pinching the POLICEMAN



HOW much is a policeman worth? The answer, of course, depends on the point of view.

A smasher-and-grabber, a pickpocket, a dope-peddler, a runner of crooked night-clubs, or a procurer will say that if a policeman is inefficient or corruptible he is worth thousands of pounds a year—to them.

But if you are a decent, law-abiding citizen, entitled to the full protection of the law, you will say that an efficient and incorruptible policeman is worth a whole lot a year—to you.

He guards your house, he keeps a watchful eye on your children, he regulates the traffic, he does his beat by day and night no matter what the weather, and he keeps the everyday life of your little world running pretty well and pretty comfortably.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of him are good, honest, stalwart fellows who do their duty manfully, cheerfully and obligingly. They are worth anything from 70s. to 95s. a week, aren't they?

Assuredly they are. But they are not going to get it. And the fact that they are not going to get it is one of the most regrettable things that has ever been done in the sacred name of Economy.

Just over twelve months ago one of the greatest crises in the country's history reached its peak. Great Britain was on the verge of bankruptcy. Other countries looked on and licked their lips.

SUDDENLY there was an amazing transformation. Hundreds of thousands of men and women saw their incomes decrease and their payments increase. They didn't grouse. They just carried on, put things right, and confounded the whole world.

The police took a five per cent. cut in pay, and remained as loyal, as efficient, as painstaking, as courteous and as hard-working as ever.

They "answered up" like everybody else, and they contributed to a demonstration of sacrifice such as this country has never seen and such as this country (unless its rulers be extremely careful) will never see again.

The five per cent. was half the cut in police pay decided on at the time. The second reduction was postponed, and no one hoped it would ever be enforced. But now it has been put into operation.

We don't think that is either a good or a necessary thing in the circumstances that exist to-day. We don't believe that the nation's cash-box is so bankrupt that the policeman cannot be paid what he earns, and more than he earns. His task is a vastly bigger one now than ever it was. If ever there were a labourer worth his hire, it is he.

Just sit back and think what his job is like. He has his ordinary routine duties to perform, his times to keep, his reports to make. Motor bandits put his life in peril. Great waves

tors. Probably, being a man, he sympathises with ninety-nine per cent. of them, but he has his job to do. And it isn't an easy job. He must, if he does it properly, utilise great tact and restraint—and that is worth every penny of the 70s. or the 95s. he used to get.

We know that nine men out of ten in that crowd of hard-up, despairing, honest and likeable marchers are being exploited by strife-makers who don't care a tinker's damn what happens so long as they themselves can exploit their victims' sufferings and make political capital out of them.

The policeman knows that, too, and, being able to understand the difference between the exploited and the exploiters, has to exercise much more than seventy shillings' worth or ninety-five shillings' worth of tact and discrimination in doing his duty as an officer of the law.

Incidentally, we do not thank Sir Oswald Mosley for introducing his Black Shirts and his Grey Shirts into the streets of London at a time when the policeman's job is already so fraught with difficulty.

It means another possible source of trouble that the policeman will have to cope with, another demand upon his resources of firmness and tact, another danger spot upon which he must perpetually keep a corner of his watchful eye. (It's a marvel that he has any corners left.)

YET this is the moment that the Government chooses for docking him of a few more shillings, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer chooses the same moment to tell the world the Great Recovery has definitely set in.

We are all against more pay cuts. The teachers have suffered. All Government employees have suffered.

They have carried their sacrifices nobly, adjusted the lives of themselves and their families to the new order of things. They have grumbled, of course (and why not?), but they have gone on loyally doing their jobs not grudgingly but as well, and in many cases even better, than they did them before the Great "Axe" fell.

Certainly our policemen have done theirs.

The Home Office says:

"After full account has been taken of the product of the existing pay cut at the rate of 5 per cent., and of the effect of reduction in the rates for new entrants and of administrative economies, there still remains a deficit of approximately £640,000 on the total sum of £2,000,000, to be secured in police expenditure in the second year, which cannot be met otherwise than by a full second instalment of the prescribed pay cut."

With all due respect to the Home Office, we beg leave to regard that as nonsense.

A Home Office that knows its business can save £640,000 without paring down the policeman's pay.

And we are quite sure that the ratepayers throughout the country, who contribute at least fifty per cent. of it, would prefer an increase of their contributions rather than the "cut."

The individual increase would be infinitesimal.

The policeman feels the pinch, though his job becomes harder every day

of traffic threaten to destroy his nerves and, if they succeed, destroy the lives of the public he protects.

He has to be a diplomat, although he is never received at the Court of St. James's.

He knows that the winter is upon him—and he knows that means more than putting on his cape and his greatcoat.

He hears the approaching sound of the hunger-marchers and the unemployed demonstra-

Prebble and Leggett: A Parable for the Times

Shock for the Spendthrifts

Pensions Lost by Marriage

THE Woman Whitehall Wants is Miss Prebble.

You may never have heard of her. Neither had we until, in her capacity as head-mistress of the Kendrick Girls' School, Reading, she wrote to the parents of her pupils, asking them for particulars of their total income.

Not content with that, she wanted to know what they spent on rent, rates, food, lighting, travelling, clothing and insurance.

Wasted words

At the council meeting a member described her action as "precipitate haste in dealing with the Board of Education's circular in regard to fees and free places at secondary schools without consulting the governors of the school or the special committee set up by the local education authority to deliberate on the circular."

He meant well, but he wasted a lot of words.

We should have described her as a misguided and over-zealous person, who would have done better to confine her activities to teaching her pupils.

The scholarship boy

But she would be a howling success in Whitehall—until she met Mr. Leggett.

Some years ago Mr. Leggett won an L.C.C. scholarship at the City of London School. Then he passed a Lower Division examination for the Civil Service, and was afterwards promoted to the Higher Division.

A few days ago he settled a great cotton dispute and thereby saved millions of pounds' worth of work and wages.

Had a Mr. Prebble, a Mrs. Prebble, or a Miss Prebble been operating thirty years or so ago young Leggett mightn't have had the chance to win his scholarship, and Lancashire would have been a sorry county to-day.

Board to blame

We don't blame the Prebbles so much as we blame the Board of Education that makes Prebbleism possible.

The mandarins of Whitehall are "economising" on education, trying to shut out a host of promising boys and girls from scholarships, making secondary schools more difficult for them to enter.

The very fact that boy Leggett had the opportunity as well as the brains to win a scholarship has saved this country enough money to pay for thousands of scholarships.

Legions of Leggetts

There is illustrated the whole folly of education "economy."

"Keep 'em ignorant and keep the rates down!"

What a slogan! What a way to set out to beat the world! What a programme for posterity!

There are legions of youngsters who may become Leggetts. Let them have a chance. These are not the days for Prebbleism.

Throwing money away

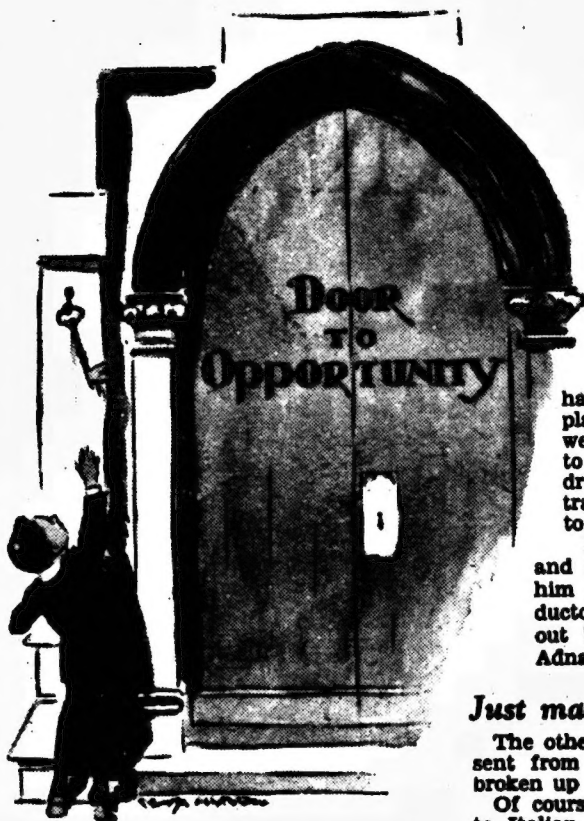
The first result of the Government's notice to end the trading agreement with Russia is that orders worth £5,000,000, which were to have been placed in Britain, have been withdrawn.

They have been given instead to Germany, France, Austria and Czechoslovakia.

So, for the sake of British firms and our unemployed the Government must get a move on in negotiating a new agreement.

Saving or spending?

We're sorry that Mr. Neville Chamberlain appears to have won his fight against the Premier and the other



The scholarship key which unlocks that door is now out of the reach of many of our bright boys

Ministers who wanted to float a big unemployment loan.

We know that the Chancellor must save every penny he can, but by turning down the work loan he may be wasting rather than saving.

It will probably cost him more in the long run to pay the "dole" than to provide relief works. And it's certain that the more men he sets to work, the more easily will he be able to reduce taxation.

Paid patriotism

Banks and stockbrokers, it is now officially admitted, got about four million pounds in commission on the recent War Loan conversion.

That is too high a reward for performing a patriotic service when everyone else is making sacrifices.

We protested against it at the time. We renew our protest now.

Spendthrift councils

Poplar Borough Council has just reduced the allowances of some of its officials. What we can't understand is why it hasn't done so before.

The borough surveyor, for instance, was supplied with a twenty-four horsepower car and the electrical engineer got an allowance of £4 a week for running his own high-powered car, plus £35 a year for licence duty.

Other councils also think it undignified to allow their officials to run cheap cars. But the ratepayers who have to foot the bill for these perquisites have to be content with small cars—or none at all.

Fined for being married

A woman of sixty-one, who had paid unemployment insurance contributions for twenty years, married an uninsured man of sixty-five and gave up work.

Now she will have to wait until she is seventy before she gets the old-age pension for which she contributed, though she would have got it at sixty-five if she hadn't married!

It is all according to law, of course,

but we can't believe that the law intended to fine a woman five years' pension—£130 or so—just for being married.

The Minister for Health must give immediate attention to this stupid anomaly.

Penny wise

We should like Mr. W. Adnams, of South Norwood, to know that we think he is rather an ass.

Because a tramcar had passed his usual alighting place before the conductor went for his fare he refused to pay his penny unless the driver reversed and took the tram back to where he wanted to get off.

For which he was fined 20s. and 52s. costs. And that served him jolly well right. Tram conductors have enough worry without being fooled around by the Adnams of the world.

Just mad

The other day five British ships were sent from South Wales ports to be broken up in Italy.

Of course, this will give employment to Italian workers and cheap steel to Italian firms. But we thought that South Wales had quite a lot of unemployment and wanted cheap steel to compete with foreign manufacturers.

Luxury for convicts

Dartmoor convicts are flouting authority and threatening mutiny for the smallest of grievances. And the authorities weakly give way to avoid trouble.

Such is the allegation of the Rev. Edward Pizey, temporary chaplain at the prison, who adds that it costs the ratepayers £20,000 a year to maintain 240 prisoners there in pampered luxury.

Mr Pizey's charges should be investigated by the Home Office and a public report made without delay.

Age doesn't count

We want to pay our respects to two elderly women. For one reason: they have proved that it's never too late to begin a new job.

There's Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, who for sixty years never had a moment to spare. She was too busy looking after her three children and her author-husband.

Then her husband died and the children married. So Mrs. McCarthy took up painting. Now she is holding an exhibition of her works in a famous London art gallery.

The sprightly sixties

And there's Mrs. Julia Rowlands, of Liverpool.

She is sixty-two and grandmother of fourteen children, but she has just made her first professional appearance as a dancer.

We like the sturdy spirit of these two women. It should be an object lesson to those pessimists who think they are too old to make a fresh start in life.

The two Macs

Here is a little competition in which we offer no prize.

There is a Macnaghten on the Bench and one on the music-halls. Which of them took part in the following dialogue?

Question: They come from where?

Answer: Ware. Question: Oh, Ware?

Where is that? Answer: Hertfordshire. Had it been the music-hall man would have got the "bird." What means that we have given you answer.

Not even a judge ought to work stuff like that. Heaven help a poor fellow if his name happens to be "Ware" (That one has only been travelling round for about a hundred years.) Think of the jollity in court if Watt came from Ware.

Talk that kills

Malicious gossip has killed yet another person.

Albert Mercer, of Northwich, Cheshire, took his life because of the rumour spread about the death of his wife in December.

He was given no peace, and the rumour unbalanced his mind.

We support the coroner's severe condemnation of the mischief-makers. There are far too many of their kind in our towns and villages, and sooner some of them are prosecuted and slander the better it will be for the decent-minded neighbours.

Sinks of iniquity

Swarland Hall was once a Northumberland mansion. Now 150 people live there—some even in the stables—without any sewerage or water system.

The Alnwick council has just authorised the housing committee to prepare a scheme for consideration "to end the sink of iniquity," as the county medical officer calls it.

But why were people ever allowed to live under such conditions at all?

Keep quiet

A short dialogue at Highgate Police Court:—

The Man: I said to him and he said to me.

The Magistrate: What did you say?

The Man: Nothing.

And when you come to think of that's how half the rows in the world begin—because people say a lot and say nothing.

Second thoughts best

This is not a film story, though sounds like one.

Ten years ago Mr. and Mrs. Michael Isaacs, two Londoners, were parted by divorce. Mr. Isaacs married again, failed to find happiness, and for the second time figured in a divorce.

Then, a few months ago, he met his first wife by chance and they fell in love again. They have just been married, to the great delight of the ten-year-old son.

Which is as good an argument against hasty divorce as we can imagine.

Helping the disabled

Ex-Service men, we know, are always ready to help their crippled war comrades.

But we hope they won't be the only people to buy their Christmas presents at the Exhibition of Disabled Soldiers and Industries. It is to be held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, London, from November 8 to 25.

Needless to say, it has our hearty support.

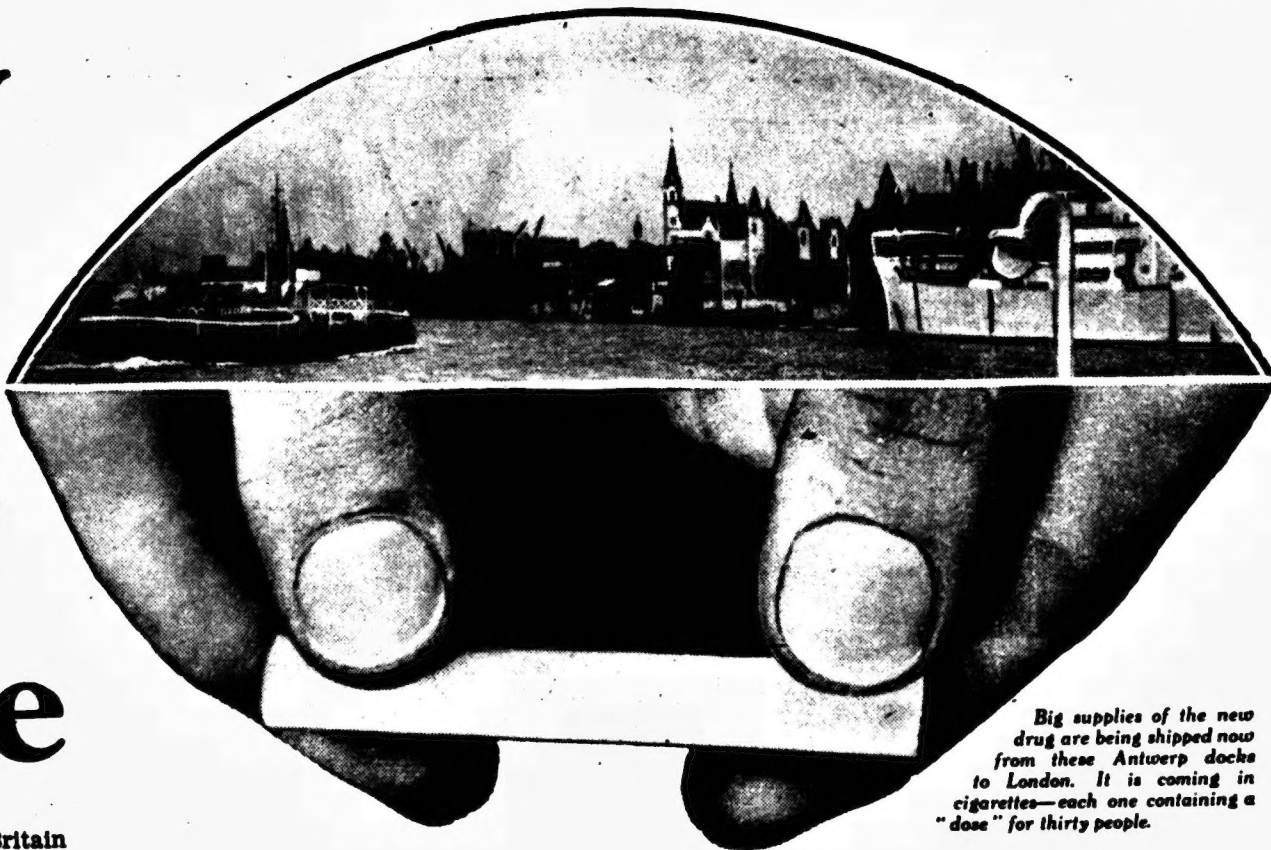
Main line to prosperity

The London Midland and Scottish Railway, we are pleased to note, says "It can't be done" when asked to transport a piece of machinery weighing forty-six tons.

It just moved the main line at Wokingham to enable the load to be taken under a bridge, so making it a seemingly impossible task.

A little more of this spirit and we shall spend less time bemoaning the plight of the railways.

Deadly New DRUG Menace



Big supplies of the new drug are being shipped now from these Antwerp docks to London. It is coming in cigarettes—each one containing a "dose" for thirty people.

A NEW drug menace threatens Britain to-day. It is one which may well prove more sinister than the existing evil of traffic in cocaine, heroin or similar drugs, for our authorities are powerless to intervene!

An organised attempt is being made to introduce addicts in this country to a new form of "dope"—a Mexican weed, Marijuna, which can be smoked in cigarettes, or in a pipe, like opium.

Marijuna is a very potent substitute for most of the popular drugs, and the traffickers aim at creating a big demand for it in this country.

They are confident of success because Marijuna does not figure on the official list of dangerous drugs and can be imported without restriction.

But we hope the facts which we can here reveal will lead to the necessary restriction being imposed without delay.

The chief traffickers in this new drug-running conspiracy are aliens who have agents posted all over the Continent, in England, the United States and in Mexico.

They were formerly engaged, with a fleet of vessels flying the American flag, in bootlegging activities round about the Newfoundland coast, and it is only recently that they decided to enter the "dope" racket.

Big drive

THIS decision was reached by the heads of the gang, who are all members of a wealthy Dutch syndicate, to which the notorious Jules Hartor, alias Riton, belongs.

The fact that Hartor is now in custody in Paris for drug-trafficking offences does not discourage his satellites.

They know that recent notorious drug prosecutions here form part of a new drive by the authorities.

Scotland Yard has detailed special men under Detective Sergeant Griffey to concentrate on drug enquiries. A private squad is also working under Superintendent Kimber of the Customs and Excise.

But this does not deter the drug syndicate, and it has evolved an ingenious scheme to run Marijuna into this country.

Two of the syndicate's agents have, in fact, already been over here, and samples of Marijuna are now being distributed for the express purpose of gauging the possible demand.

Once this has been assured there will be no difficulties of supply as the syndicate has big consignments in its possession on the Continent, and can draw further supplies from Mexico, where Marijuna grows as a common weed.

The dangerous nature of this drug will be understood when we say that its use has long been forbidden in Mexico. Bandits and other desperadoes are known to have indulged in it habitually on the other side of the Atlantic in order to brace themselves for their acts of ruthlessness.

Taken moderately it merely has an exhilarat-

ing effect, but it soon takes a deadly hold upon the novice addict, and sets up a hopeless craving that grows more and more difficult to appease.

Certain traffickers were quick to see possibilities of big markets in the United States, and very considerable quantities have been smuggled across the Mexican border during the last two years or so.

Known as "Muggles" to addicts in America, its use has occasioned the authorities there considerable trouble. One addict was a musician who recently visited this country, and who has actually been convicted in the United States for having the drug in his possession.

Dangerous traffic

THE regulations in Mexico are strict, but are just as difficult to enforce as are our own laws relating to dangerous drugs.

Consignments of Marijuna are regularly smuggled to New Orleans, either overland or by sea, and the syndicate's agents there have built up a formidable organisation.

Countless agents are also scattered throughout the United States, and their nefarious traffic has grown so rapidly in the past two years that the authorities cannot adequately cope with it.

Marijuna cigarettes are manufactured extensively in New Orleans and certain other American cities, as taking the drug in this form has proved the most popular.

Handed round at hectic parties, these cigarettes have soon claimed scores of addicts, and have been responsible for some unspeakable orgies, for Marijuna is a drug that invariably stirs up the basest instincts.

Now the Dutch syndicate has arranged with the New Orleans traffickers for supplies of Marijuna cigarettes to be shipped to Antwerp, and there is nothing to stop them from flooding this country with them, since, as we have pointed out, Marijuna is not yet listed here as a dangerous drug, and our Customs authorities have no power to stop its importation.

First supplies

ACTION must, therefore, be taken before a demand for it is created in this country.

Only three weeks ago several seamen, in the pay of the syndicate, landed at the West India Docks with boxes of foreign cigarettes which looked innocent enough, but which contained Marijuna. The seals were broken and they frankly produced the cigarettes as for their own personal use.

In this way two men alone brought in sufficient Marijuna for thirty addicts. The cigarettes were soon distributed through an agent in a Soho haunt that is well known to the police. It has figured more than once in past drug enquiries as a centre of distribution and a meeting-place of "runners."

A few months ago appalling scenes were

enacted in the Regent's Park flat of a notorious drug addict who is known to both Scotland Yard and the Paris Sureté.

Many of the guests were under the influence of Marijuna, taken in the form of cigarettes furnished by a woman then in residence at a near-by hotel.

Missing woman

THE host at this degrading party is financially interested in a certain very shady dance hall in Paris that is frequented by many drug traffickers.

Among his clients is a woman who passes in the name of the Comtesse de Flammerecourt. Until recently she was one of the leading drug traffickers in England, but fled to France by air after she had been detained and questioned by Scotland Yard detectives.

She is known to have been present at the Marijuna party in that Regent's Park flat, and if not the actual "carrier," it is certain that she played no small part in arranging for the supplies of cigarettes.

Scores of her agents are still here, and she is known to be in touch with others in Paris, Antwerp, Berlin and Monte Carlo.

She has brought frequent supplies of drugs to London in the past, sometimes carrying packets concealed in the lapels of her fur coat.

When in London she was constantly to be seen at several leading night clubs and certain riverside and countryside resorts.

Airmen are watching

ALL ports and airways are now armed with her full description, so she is not likely to get back easily.

This, coupled with the fact that many of her agents are under observation, is being hailed with delight by the syndicate that aims at popularising Marijuna. It hopes to step in and corner the market!

Only the other day a seaman was approached in London and invited to act as one of the syndicate's agents.

He was picked out as a likely man because it was known that he had indulged in bootlegging and gun-running.

JOHN BULL contends that Marijuna ought at once to be placed on the dangerous drugs register.

Unless it is, the traffickers in Antwerp, chief of whom is a Norwegian named Oscar Laarsen, who has figured in official drug enquiries more than once, will soon carry their well-organised plot into execution.

And when that happens we shall have a worse "dope" problem to face than ever before.

It is within our knowledge that two very dangerous drugs have been added to the official list during the last few days. Why not Marijuna?

The time for the authorities to act is now.

AMERICA'S PRESIDENCY BATTLE: A PROPHECY



Whoever Wins—

HOOVER may return
to the White House . . .

PROHIBITION is "doomed"—but it will survive the U.S. Presidential election next week. No matter whether Herbert Hoover or Franklin D. Roosevelt occupies the White House for the next four years, Prohibition will stay in the Constitution.

To hear the politicians talk you would not think so. The Wets and the Drys are engaged in battle, and the Drys are supposed to be on the verge of defeat.

But the American voters who think that they are about to bring back liquor by their ballots are due for a shock. The Rock of Gibraltar is a pack of cards when compared with a Constitutional Amendment of the United States.

Once an amendment has been ratified by thirty-six States—three-fourths of the total number—it has in practice proved to be impregnable. No amendment has been repealed; probably no amendment ever will be.

Evasion rules

The only "repeal" that has ever been effective is evasion, as in the case of the Fifteenth Amendment, granting negro citizens equal voting rights with whites, which is largely ignored in the South.

When Millionaire John D. Rockefeller, jr., Baptist, philanthropist, social reformer, came out with a statement that all was not well with the working of Prohibition, and that it ought to be repealed, the Drys lamented his defection, the Wets cheered.

But John D., jr., is not alone in thinking that Prohibition needs reconsideration. The Wets blame Prohibition for all the evils in America to-day, from the economic depression to the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. The Drys are now on the defensive.

The "noble experiment," as President Hoover described the Prohibition amendment, is in a bad way. Even Hoover, who has managed until now to give to the Drys the impression that he is their bulwark, has had to admit that "laws opposed by majority senti-

ment create resentment which undermines enforcement, and in the end produces degeneration and crime."

In dealing with the liquor problem it is his conviction, and the conviction of the Republican party, that "each State shall be given the right to deal with the problem as it may determine, but subject to absolute guarantees in the Constitution of the United States to protect each State from interference and invasion by its neighbours, and that in no part of the United States shall there be a return of the saloon system with its inevitable political and social corruption and its organised interference with other States."

The Democratic Party invites the people of the country to say whether they favour the repeal of Prohibition, while also being eager to "prevent the return of the saloon." It definitely stands for repeal.

The anxiety of both parties to prevent the return of the saloon has more than a touch of humour when one thinks of the speakeasies which have sprung up in all the large cities.

The new spelling of "saloon" is "s-p-e-a-k-e-a-s-y."

Major Maurice Campbell, former Prohibition administrator in New York, has declared that last year there were 36,000 speakeasies in New York City, 52,000 in New York State, and 220,000 in the United States. He declared these estimates to be conservative.

Dead easy!

When it is argued that a speakeasy is not free and open for all and sundry as was the saloon, it overlooks the fact that an introduction to a speakeasy is easily arranged, and that once inside it is as easy to get drunk there as in the old-fashioned saloon.

Also, it is easy to get poisoned with bad liquor.

To enforce the Prohibition amendment it was necessary to pass the Volstead Act, which defined the liquor to be prohibited as that which contained more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol. In theory it ought to be quite easy to give a new definition to intoxicating liquor, making it possible to declare light wines and beer as "non-

intoxicating" within the meaning of the amendment.

In the Middle West, in a quiet apartment hotel in St. Paul, Minnesota, there lives to-day an old man who eats temperately, never smokes, never drinks intoxicants, who walks unnoticed in the streets of the city.

He is Andrew J. Volstead, who at the age of seventy-three, and twelve years after the Eighteenth Amendment became effective, is still a staunch Prohibitionist. He sees no solution in a new definition of intoxicating liquor.

"I am opposed to amending the Volstead Act in regard to the amount of permissible alcohol in beverages," he says. "I am not in favour of allowing light wines and beer to be sold under the Eighteenth Amendment. I believe it would defeat the amendment's purpose."

When Jimmy Walker was Mayor of New York he organised in May this year a big beer parade, which marched the streets of New York in favour of beer and a return to prosperity.

The executive council of the



... or **ROOSEVELT** may turn him out . . .
but neither of them will be able to evict Prohibition—just yet

American Federation of Labour has estimated that modification of the Volstead Act would give employment to 1,500,000 men immediately.

Society leaders are in the fight too. Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, head of the Women's Organisation for National Prohibition Reform, is crusading on platform and by radio. Women voters are joining the organisation in large numbers. She claims that women throughout the country fear for the safety of their homes and children because of the evils of Prohibition.

The attitude of women to Prohibition is one of the most exciting features of the present campaign. Women had much to do with bringing in Prohibition; they are now busy trying to get rid of it.

When the Women's Organisation for National Prohibition Reform endorsed Roosevelt for President on the ground that the Democratic Party aimed at repeal there was a storm and some resignations on the part of Republican members. The organisation declared that Prohibition was no party affair, and

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Prohibition Will Win

—and the
Federal agents
will continue to lay
the dust in American gutters
with "bootleg" booze

Millions of Americans believe that if Prohibition were repealed a blow would be struck at crime.

When liquor could be legally bought the bootlegger would go out of business. Wars between rival beer barons would cease because there would be no bootleg to fight about. People would buy beer respectably in a store. A blow would be struck at gangsters, thugs, racketeers. Murders would decline, so the optimistic believe, if the Eighteenth Amendment were repealed.

If repeal is so desirable, and if it has already been nullified by the way in which Americans continue to break the law, then why will it stay in the Constitution?

It will stay there because of another article in the United States Constitution calling for a two-thirds majority of both Houses, or the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, to make a change in the Constitution.

So complicated!

And if that change were made it would have to be ratified by three-fourths of the States.

Three-fourths of forty-eight is thirty-six, which means that thirteen States could shoot the whole plan to pieces.

As far back as the year 1846 American States experimented with Prohibition, and in the ten years following 1846 thirteen States went dry. True, by 1910 the number had dropped to nine—Maine, Kansas, N. Dakota, Georgia, Oklahoma, Alabama, Mississippi, N. Carolina and Tennessee—but, roughly, half the population of the United States at that time was living under State or local Prohibition.

Why should not the thirteen States who first went dry be the last to go wet?

The Wets are concentrating on the return of Wet Congressmen in the hope that the two-thirds majority required to repeal this unpopular law may be obtained.

This may be possible, although it has for years proved extremely difficult to get the Congressmen who drink wet to do anything else but vote dry. It may be that an overwhelming change in the country's attitude to Prohibition will result in that two-thirds majority.

Even then the victory will not be won. The repeal will have to be ratified either by "the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths

GREAT PLAYS RE-TOLD

The world's greatest plays are being re-told in short-story form by Harold Brighouse (author of "Hobson's Choice") in the *Daily Herald*.

This is likely to prove one of the most successful series printed by any daily newspaper for a long while, and JOHN BULL readers should place their orders for copies of the *Daily Herald* at once.

terian minister of New York, who is expected to poll at least a million votes in favour of his election to the Presidency, is putting the emphasis on the power of the Socialist Party to offer a constructive programme to avoid periodical economic panics.

Men and women will vote for him on the economic issue, not on his party's attitude to Prohibition. The Socialists, however, do recognise the right of the people to abolish or modify the Eighteenth Amendment.

If, then, the Republicans and the Democrats, the Socialists and Communists, the Federation of Labour, a million and more women, and the jobless who believe that beer would mean prosper-

perity—if all these are opposed to the continuance of Prohibition, why will Prohibition continue, whoever wins the Presidential election?

Florentino H. La Guardia, the New York Republican and member of the House of Representatives in Washington, is telling his constituents that they may expect legalised beer by March, 1935.

Everybody wants beer

"Prohibition as a national institution is over," he says. "There is no reason why legalised beer should not be possible within three months after Congress convenes, and nothing short of commitments to law violators and an insatiable appetite for graft can stop it."

And plenty of other politicians are promising pretty much the same thing.

Why, then, is not Prohibition doomed?

You pass an automobile in the street, and above its number plate you see another plate—"Repeal the 18th Amendment." You pass other cars, and they say the same. Talk with the man in the street. He wants the same.

Why, then, is Prohibition still a fixture in the United States?

"Pending repeal," say the Democrats in their party plank, "we favour the manufacture and sale of beer and other beverages of such alcoholic content as is permissible under the Constitution, and to provide therefrom a proper and needed revenue." Would not their election mean wine and beer?

WILL Prohibition—the most drastic social experiment of recent times—be doomed by the result of Tuesday's U.S. Presidential Election?

It is confidently expected that if Governor Roosevelt, the much-fancied Democratic candidate, wins, America will go "wet."

But our well-informed American correspondent makes the surprising prophecy that, whoever is elected, Prohibition will remain.

that the candidate who promised most must be supported.

"The goal of this organisation," said Mrs. Courtlandt Nicoll, its first vice-chairman, "is the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the return to the States of the power to regulate the liquor traffic. To achieve this aim a resolution was passed urging members to cast their votes only for those candidates for public office who favoured repeal. This policy has been carried out to its logical conclusion and applied to the candidates for the Presidency of the United States."

The loyal army

When women Republicans began resigning because they did not care to vote for Roosevelt, even though the organisation had decided that the Democratic was the only repeal platform, Mrs. Courtlandt Nicoll said:

"A soldier enlisting in the army takes his oath of allegiance and enlists for the duration of the war. He does not reserve to himself the right to desert should he happen to prefer one general to another. This army has 1,011,000 enlisted women, the overwhelming majority of whom are loyal to the cause."

Those million women have given the candidates something to think about!

The Socialists and the Communists are no keener on Prohibition than the Republicans and the Democrats, but they do not stress it in their party programmes.

Norman Thomas, one-time Presby-

thereof." Thus speaks the Constitution, that legal Rock of Gibraltar. And therein will be found all sorts of possibilities for delaying repeal.

The optimists think that no thirteen States would dare to set themselves against such strong public opinion as is being developed in favour of repeal; but they are—optimistic.

The Drys are not beaten, and if they were really in the last ditch they would still work for the defeat of repeal in thirteen States.

A waiting game

And remember that the Southern States, with their large negro population, have every inducement to vote dry if only to keep liquor away from the negroes—especially when the whites know that they can get all the liquor they wish for themselves.

It is said that Canada is ready to unload any amount of liquor upon the United States—not counting the bootleg stuff which now comes in.

We are told that bottle-makers, china, glassware and furniture manufacturers, farmers, brewers, storekeepers, landlords, tin bucket makers, sawdust distributors, men who make barrels, are all poised and ready for repeal.

But it is to be hoped that they will find other work to do, for the day of repeal is still a long way off.

If Prohibition is "doomed," as we are told, the crack of doom has not yet been heard.

CAUGHT BOTH WAYS

WE are receiving a flood of complaints concerning a turf commission agent named Major C. Draper, of 142, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Trying to pick winners, he believes, is not worth while. At least, he urges his clients to give it up and to start picking losers instead. This, he declares, is good fun. Perhaps it is—for him.

"Pick 3 losers and win 25 times your stake" is one of his slogans. But we have yet to encounter a client who has been fortunate enough to find this borne out in practice.

Indeed, all the letters before us—and they come from all over the country—lament the fact that the breezy major has been decidedly lax in settling their claims.

A Lancashire reader declares that although he has technically "won" £18 he cannot even induce the major to reply to his letters.

Other complaints are too monotonously similar to record here, though we may remark in passing that they are more or less on a par with complaints received in connection with another "pick the losers" venture.

This is the National Turf Credit Federation, of 2, Little Sussex Place, London, which we exposed long ago.

We only mention it now because we happen to know that Major Draper, who is now so active on his own account, has played a prominent part in the federation's affairs.

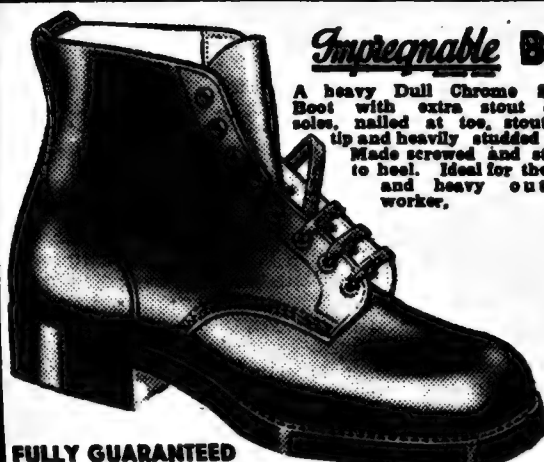
He may well claim to be adept in picking losers—they are his clients.



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Impregnable 152

Willow Calf Oxford, calf quarter lining, medium fitting, with "Elkide" sole, made Good-year welted. A nice fine Walking shoe.

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Impregnable 5054

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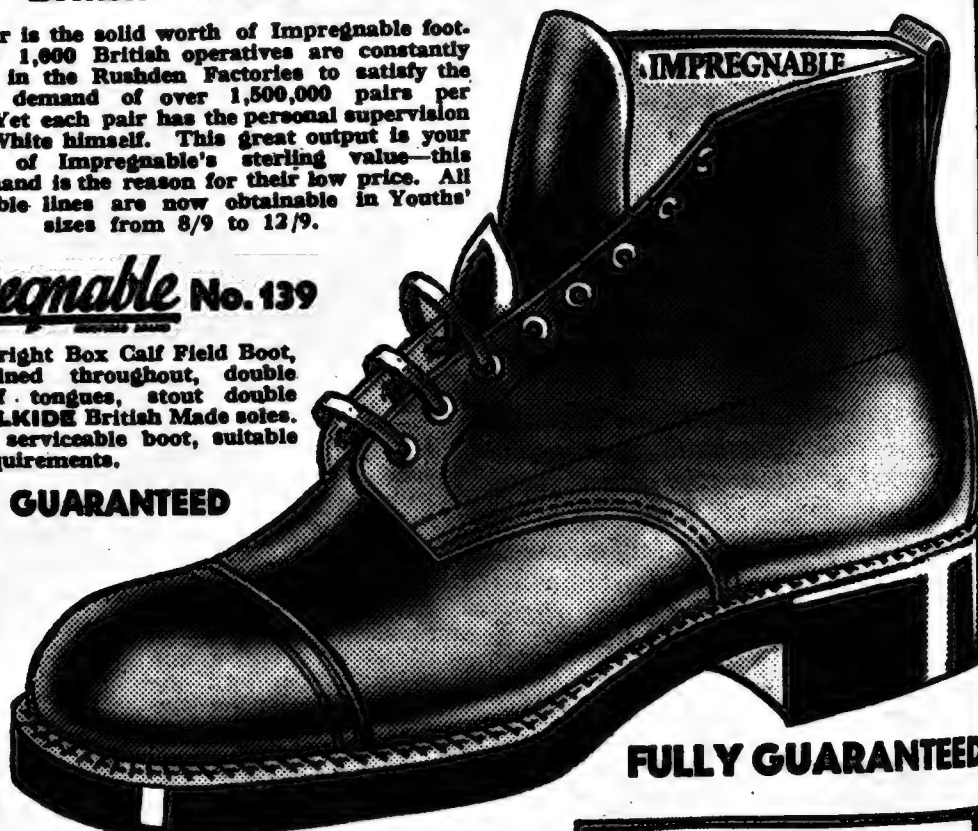


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Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to DON BRADMAN

MY DEAR DON,—You have raised this question: Can the best batsman in the world play for Australia against an England team, which is so English that it includes an Indian and a man born in Australia, and at the same time write articles about it in the Australian newspapers? Now, cricket is a funny thing. You are an amateur. Hobbs is a professional. Yet you are paid more for playing cricket than is Hobbs! In fact, you get so much that, theoretically, you are not supposed to get anything. In sport, amateurs often get more than the professionals. That is why they come out of the middle of the road while the poor pros. have to sneak round the corner. So different are the rules governing professionalism that, in Rugby, football, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales all interpret the rules a different way. You and the Australians get a percentage on the gate. English cricketers get a paltry sum per week.

Now, frankly, my dear Don, how can you write articles that are true about matches in which you play and at the same time continue to play in them? You wrote the truth about the Sydney barrackers, they would barrack you! If you told the truth about some of your fellow-cricketers' play, there might be a free fight on the ground.

People who read sporting news simply believe that it is all true. You seldom see a word of criticism of anything that happens in a football match or on the cricket field. Although games are often lost by stupidity and thrown away by carelessness—well, if the sporting writers dared to say so, they could not travel with the team next time. Only the players know. And they could not tell and stop in the team.

You and I know that it does not matter to anybody whether you write about the game or not. If you do, you will merely be doing a newspaper man's job, and what are newspaper men, anyway?

Some twenty years ago, a great



London newspaper started to hire, in every first-class team, a leading cricketer who described the match. They wrote worse nonsense even than the reporters did. How could they tell the truth? Besides, often it was written for them.

When Carpenter fought Beckett at Olympia some years ago I came away with the American sporting writer who was going to write Jack Dempsey's account of it the next morning, for Dempsey sat among the boiled shirts in the second row.

The sporting writer left his own seat, and when I was with him, just leant over to Dempsey and said either "Yes" or "No."

The next morning there appeared in print a long account of it "By Jack Dempsey," which included a criticism of Carpenter. The morning after that, Dempsey denied having said such a thing. He meant it, perhaps, but he couldn't say it and go on fighting.

I know of lawn-tennis writers who

hire reporters to write their articles for them.

Yes, my dear Don, you are a splendid young man.

You are perhaps the greatest batsman who ever lived. It is hard to judge, because wickets are so much better than in Grace's best days. But you are good for a century almost every innings.

Why don't you stick to it? You are a Nonconformist, and therefore you have given the lie to the idea that chapel people are not sportsmen. You are a life-long abstainer, and therefore you have given Nancy Astor something to gloat about.

You spent your spare time, when last in England, in writing a book. But you should leave criticism alone. You must play for Australia. If we happened to beat your country when you were not playing, it would not be a victory, for without you Australia, comparatively, would be a second eleven.

Be content with the fact that, as an amateur cricketer, you earn more than English professionals, even without your writings. You cannot be bound by a newspaper contract, for the Sydney Sun, or whatever it is, would not dare to hold you to your contract if it stopped you from playing for Australia.

We impose, in England, a similar rule

PLAY the Game, DON'T Write it!

which prevents English cricketers from writing for the Press. Now and then it is broken. I remember, for instance, a very great cricketer, who had won a Test Match for England, being offered £25 for an article on the match directly it was over, and saying, "No, the rules bar me."

When offered £50 he said, "Well, it's worth chancing it for that. Besides, I am not going to play again, so it doesn't matter."

* * *

The next morning an article appeared under his name, but it was not nearly as good as the dramatic scene described by professional writers, who, being outsiders, saw most of the game.

One day, of course, so-called amateurism in sport will disappear. We shall use Shakespeare's words, "All the men and women merely players."

Then, lawn-tennis champions, instead of having to draw incomes from hotel people who give them free lodging on the Riviera to advertise some beauty spot, and slip them something on the side, will be paid, like anybody else.

After all, why should they attract, as they do, vast crowds to Wimbledon and get nothing out of it, unless a ball firm pays them or they use a certain tennis racquet at so much a time?

Play the game, Don. Do not write it.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

MR. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
Jame's Palace

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—The public has long realised that the unemployment problem and the care of the workless greatly concern you.

Every decent citizen is at one with you in your desire to discover how best to care for those who are out of work through no fault of their own.

"New ideas, new ways are needed," you say, and if in dealing with the problem we drop political antagonisms and old methods, we shall surely be able to produce those ideas.

JOHN BULL.

MR. E. HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Three people have died in the village of Denby Dale, Yorkshire, as the result of a poisoned reservoir. Fifty are in hospital, others are ill at home.

Now the villagers allege that the local council was warned of this danger months ago, but did nothing. I hope you will see that the truth is established and the blame allocated.

JOHN BULL.

MR. CECIL WHITELEY, K.C.: You have ordered woman shoplifter net to be a shop unaccompanied by another woman. But who is going to see that this condition is carried out?

MR. H. G. WELLS,
Chiltern Court, London

DEAR WELLS,—I don't always agree with your views, but I am glad you told the Oxford Communist undergraduates a few home-truths about "class-warfare" and idolatry of Russia.

When you said that we can produce more ideas, organising capacity and educational capacity than Russia, they called you a snob.

In that case, I'm a snob too!

JOHN BULL.

LORD STRICKLAND,
Ex-Premier of Malta

DEAR SIR,—In a speech to the Maltese Senate you declared that Britain might abandon Malta in the event of war and leave it to be occupied by the French.

You added that the possibility of war in the near future is indicated by the flow of capital into British banks and the hoarding of gold by France.

All of which, in my opinion, is just nonsense. In view of the troubles that arose in Malta during your Premiership, you should set about restoring harmony in the island and leave international affairs to more responsible statesmen.

JOHN BULL.

MR. HOPKIN MORRIS,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—My duty is to administer the law and make no comment," you said the other day.

This has needed saying for a long time. Too many judges and magistrates

abuse their position by airing their personal views on any subject that crops up in court.

If you have succeeded in shaming these chatterboxes of the Bench, you will have earned the thanks of a very bored public and

JOHN BULL.

DETECTIVE JAMES,
Bromley, Kent

DEAR JAMES,—Going to arrest a woman for stealing a bottle of milk from a doorstep, you discovered what you described as the worst case of poverty you had ever known.

The husband was out of work, there were three small children and not a morsel of food in the house.

In accordance with the highest police traditions, you played the Good Samaritan and pleaded for leniency. I am glad the magistrates carried on your good work by dismissing the case and making a grant from the poor box.

JOHN BULL.

JOSEPH HAYES, Worcestershire mobile policeman: Driving fast over cross-roads on wrong side, you hit motor-cycle and badly injured the pillion rider, for which you have been fined £5. Most civilian drivers could teach you lesson on road regulations.—

JOHN SMEDLEY, Jr.,
Newhall, Derbyshire

DEAR SMEDLEY,—I understand why the magistrate described your case as

the most painful he had ever dealt with. An income-tax collector, you have gone to prison for embezzling £100. This money, which you afterwards repaid, went in living expenses, for you have a wife, two children, and an invalid mother to keep on a salary of £3 15s. a month, less £1 5s. expenses. Yet you collected about £10,000 a year. I blame you, but I also blame the Inland Revenue authorities for paying so paltry a wage to a responsible official.

JOHN BULL.

MR. JUSTICE LUXMOORE,
Chancery Division

MY LORD,—You complain of public time being wasted and clients' costs increased by solicitors who fail to have cases ready for trial on the appointed day. As you say, their clients should sue them for negligence.

One such case would be sufficient to end this scandal.

JOHN BULL.

Master C. G. P. SMITH,
Windsor County School

DEAR CHARLES,—At the age of fifteen you have won third place in an international contest of oratory.

As you grow up you will discern that talk is one of the least important things in life. You may well be content to allow young France and America to stand first and second respectively in declamation if, as a young Briton, you devote yourself to deeds rather than words.

JOHN BULL.

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"*LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone.*"
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing... going... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.



MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

ONE LITTLE WORD

and daylight itself is at your command!

If daylight itself were at your command every hour of the twenty-four, would you use any other form of lighting? Yet daylight is at your service all the time when an Aladdin is in your home!

For Aladdin has all the qualities of Nature's incomparable handiwork. White in colour, abundant in quantity, clean, silent, safe and beneficial. Only in one point does it differ from daylight—it is a little more expensive. But only a little. For Aladdin lamps burn ordinary paraffin at a cost of less than one farthing an hour.

From all first-class ironmongers.

The Cottage model Super-Aladdin Lamp, finished in nickel, polished brass or satin brass £2-2-0 (other finishes extra). Other models in various finishes. Shade extra. Aladdin No. 12 33/- model.



ALADDIN

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
254 Aladdin Building, Grandford, Middlesex.
Showrooms: 43 Mortimer St. (near Oxford St.), London, W.1. Paris: 149 Boulevard Noy.

by A. G. GARDINER



Line up to buy—by all means; spend as much as you can afford to spend. But remember, too, the virtues of wise saving

SPEND OR SAVE? —the Answer

In the newspapers that report his appeal you will see Government advertisements imploring the public to put all the money they can spare in Savings Certificates.

It is all very confusing, and it may seem impertinent for a layman to plunge into a controversy about which the experts are in violent disagreement.

But there are certain things which are fairly clear and about which even the experts are agreed. They are agreed, for example, that it is as bad a thing to hoard money at this

time as it is to hoard food in wartime. I say "hoard"—not "invest." If you invest your money in a sound business you are both saving it and helping trade.

By hoarding it you are withdrawing it from use and helping to starve trade. One of the causes of the present depression is that so much money is lying

in the banks idle and unremunerative. People do not want it to be idle and unremunerative; but industry is so paralysed and confidence so shattered that there is no use for it.

That is why gilt-edged securities have soared so high. It is not a good sign. It is a bad sign. It means that money which should be fertilising trade is running to cover and being locked up in Government loans and in banks.

I was told the other day by a Bank manager that he had been approached by a person who wanted to put a quarter of a million money on deposit at 2 per cent. The bank would not take it. The fault is not wholly with the hoarder. It is frozen trade which freezes his money; but it is also his frozen money that freezes trade. We must unfreeze both. The hoarder must take risks with his money and the Government must restore confidence and release trade so that it attracts money.

But while hoarding is admittedly harmful, there is still a case for reasonable thrift. The man who owns his own house, is well insured, and has something laid by against old age and the vicissitudes of life is a national asset. The spendthrift and the wastrel are national dangers.

Profitable thrift

There is no more gratifying fact in these dark times than the reassuring evidence that the Post Office Savings Bank, the building, co-operative and friendly societies, the insurance companies and the National Savings Certificates movement give that the thrift impulse is as strong among the mass of our people as it ever was.

It is not true that thrift of this sort is a withdrawal of money from remunerative use. Every pound invested in building or co-operative societies, insurance companies and so on flows into the current of trade as directly as if the investor went into a shop and spent it himself.

This does not mean that private spending up to the maximum of our capacity is undesirable. If we can reasonably afford the Morris Minor or the Austin Seven or the new carpet, it is a patriotic duty as well as a personal satisfaction to buy it. We ought not to

deny ourselves anything that it is in our power to buy and the possession of which will give us pleasure or comfort under the absurd notion that our self-denial is in the national interest. The precise contrary is the fact.

Private spending, in short, is a public duty.

The real problem which has set the economists barking at each other so vociferously is the question of public spending.

The Keynes school argues that the remedy for the present depression is not public saving, but public spending. We must build more museums, make more swimming baths and carry out other public works that will provide employment.

Cure or kill

The London economists are shocked at this method of curing the patient. They believe that it will not cure him, but will kill him. They hold that public extravagance has brought the country to its present lamentable plight, and has diverted the money that should go to the development of trade into the roaring torrent of rates and taxes that are submerging trade.

The argument turns upon whether we should spend on the production of capital goods or go all out for consumption—in other words, whether we should invest or consume.

But the taxpayer, who is being squeezed between the upper and the nether millstones, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is wondering by what miracle he will balance his coming Budget, may be forgiven if they doubt whether salvation will come by more lavish public expenditure.

The doctrine that the worse off you are the more you must spend may be irrefutable in theory, but in practice it leads the private spender to the bankruptcy court, and the world is strewn with proofs that it takes countries to the bankruptcy court as well as individuals.

Let us have private spending to the utmost limits of our private capacity. That will certainly stimulate trade. But public expenditure, which falls exclusively upon trade, cannot be carried beyond the capacity of trade to bear it.

That is the Victorian doctrine of Economy, and whatever Tweedledum and Tweedledee may say, I believe Georgian England will find it is still a valid doctrine.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Oswald Mosley Reviews—

The Moselini Army

IF order out of chaos is demanded, Then I'm the man to give you what you need;

Though at the polls my party was disbanded, There's doughty lads obedient to my lead;

They listen with respect to my orations, They know precisely when to shout "Hear, hear,"

And solemnly indulge in "demonstrations" While ribald burghers stand around and jeer.

My words of hope gush forth as from a geyser, The moment of my triumph is at hand;

The nation's crying need is for a Caesar—A ruler born to threaten and command!

My Fascist troops, in serried ranks assembled, Do not quail (or they conceal it if they do).

And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled Before my comic opera is through!

Let me at once warn listeners that they must not imagine, because they are in their home and I in a distant broadcasting studio, that it is safe to treat me with disrespect.

My followers are everywhere, and any

listener who makes a vulgar noise at the receiving set may find that vengeance will overtake him as it did interjectors at my Memorial Hall meeting.

Whatever else may be urged against me, nobody can deny my remarkable power of survival. Although I exhausted the patience of my political leaders when I was a follower, and of my followers when I was a leader, my faith in myself remains unexhausted.

When I left the Tories (in disgust) people shook their fists and said I was a traitor. When I left Labour (in a dudgeon) they shook their heads and said I was a fool. When half my party in the House of Commons left (in a taxi) they shook with laughter.

At the General Election what remained of my party (including its leader) was wiped out of existence, and my enemies were then convinced that the onward march of British Fascism had been arrested. But as I had carried on as a leader when without followers, it was not likely that the mere loss of a seat would make me take a back seat.

As I could not induce a constituency to elect me as an M.P., I elected myself as a national leader, with the result that I am once again figuring in the limelight as a politician with a great future behind me.

The older parties being bankrupt of remedies for the present situation, I

have come forward with my policy of the "Corporate State."

Some even ventured to attend my Memorial Hall meeting in the hope of finding out just what this does mean; but I have a short way with questioners. I indicate in a few tasteful words that their true home is Jerusalem—and leave the rest to my "shock troops!"

I'm not here to answer questions, I am here to take command!

When you see me with my Black Shirts marching proudly down the Strand, You'll realise I'm not a man with whom to interfere—

And so you'd best control a painful tendency to jeer!

Though my record's rather comic and my followers are few, What Benito Mussolini has accomplished I can do!

There are rich rewards awaiting those who in my interests toil— While my foes will learn their lesson with the aid of castor-oil!

Though my policy seems woolly and my methods make for mirth, With my eyes fixed on the future I am waiting for the birth

Of a new and better era—and I won't have long to wait— When I reign, a Moselini, o'er the British Fascist State!

Two voices

General Seely manages to face "North by South" on the great question: "Be thrifty and save," he says as Chairman of the Savings Certificates movement. "Spend all you can," he adds, remembering that if people don't buy, tradesmen can't sell, and rates and taxes can't be paid.

Even the Government speaks with two voices. Mr. MacDonald, in his most resonant tones, assures us that if we want to help trade we should buy; but



**SHORT
PASTRY**
needs more than
a light hand

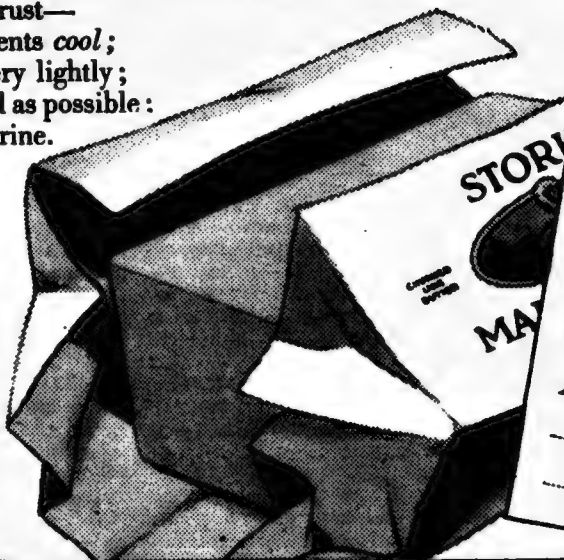
Remember this when you're making
short crust—

Keep the ingredients cool;
Rub in the fat very lightly;
Use as little liquid as possible;
Use Stork Margarine.

Then you need not worry about having a light hand for pastry. Stork is so firm and pure and fresh that it makes good, short crust that melts in the mouth, and crust with the fresh, buttery flavour that you only find in pastry made at home.

Even if you're only just starting as a cook you can make good short crust with Stork. It's easy to work with, and it tastes so good that the pastry tastes good too.

Get some Stork to-day—only 8d per pound—and try your hand at a dish of jam tarts.



FREE 28-page Cookery Book

"Secrets of Lighter Pastry" will improve all your cooking. Fill in your name and address, cut this out and post it to

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STORK MARGARINE 8^d per pound

MAKES SHORT CRUST THAT MELTS IN THE MOUTH



The Finest Gramophone Values in the World. Either of these handsome and powerful instruments complete & Carriage Paid with 12 Half-Crown Double Sided Records. 24 selections for 5/- with order.

GRAVES TABLE Model is of hand-crafted figured and polished Oak. Fitted with powerful Motor with reliable Worm Gear Drive. Newest improved type of reproducer. Price with 12 Half-Crown Records. **33.10.0**

Please state clearly which instrument you require. **CATALOGUE POST FREE.** Complete range of Models—Table, Portable, & Portable. Bargain Prices. Easy Terms. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD**
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PURE BEER

EASILY MADE AT HOME

FOR **1D PER PINT**

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TRIPLE-CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY
Simply add Cold Water and the FREE YEAST.

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, and all progressive Grocers and Chemists; or send P.O. direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd. (Dept. 47), Davignon Road, Hove, Sussex. Trial Size 1/- PER 2 Tins Quantity 2/6 tin POST FREE. (Colonial or foreign, postage extra).

FREE BOOKLETS for Ambitious Readers!

Turn to the Carton offer on p. 24 and send the Coupons for the Free Booklets on those subjects in which you are most interested.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

NOV. 11

Give a little
more for your
poppy this year



GLIO

The piping hot drink for the
dull Winter Days!

(CHERRY WINE FLAVOUR)
INSTANTLY MADE-AIDS DIGESTION

1/- per Box of 12 Cubes with Glass
Cupboard, or 1d. per Cube. Obtainable from Chemists, Grocers, and all Boots and Taylor's Branches.

K. DEAN-DAVIES & CO., 35, DALE ST., L'POOL.

GRIPS JOLLITIES

Grandpa's getting rather old
But "GRIPS" protect him from the cold!

'GRIPS'
FIRST-AID PASTILLES



Weekly Informations from—

HUNDREDS of shareholders are very anxious to-day about the affairs of a concern called the R.M.C. Textiles (1928), Ltd., of Textile House, Golden Square, London, which boasts branches in various parts of the provinces and in Paris and Berlin.

From letters which reach me it is clear that they have ample cause for anxiety, and they have my full sympathy.

The train of events which has led to their present plight is well worth following and calls for immediate publicity.

It will be necessary for me to go back four years to the time when a man named John Maurice Waterhouse, of Reynolds Close, Hampstead, decided to do big things in the textile trade.

For some time he had controlled a small private undertaking known as the Royal Manufacturing Company, with headquarters at Keighley, and was fairly well known in Yorkshire textile circles.

Great promise

But in 1928 he aimed at achieving world-wide business fame and floated a £150,000 company called R.M.C. Textiles (1928), Ltd.

According to figures then available the private company now taken over had previously made a profit of £26,768 in three years on a paid-up capital of £17,000. So now, with a greatly increased capital, big things were anticipated.

Indeed, the prospectus of the new 1928 limited liability company made inspiring reading. Premises were to be acquired with the best plant available for the manufacture of all classes of materials and fabrics.

A feature of the scheme was that middlemen were to be cut out and the company's products distributed direct throughout the world.

The new mills were, it was pointed out, in an excellent position on the main line between Scotland and London; plant was to be maintained at 100 per cent. degree of efficiency out of revenue and "economic production" was promised.

It was estimated that the £150,000 capital would yield a turnover from £300,000 to £700,000 a year.

Mr. Waterhouse was to be chairman



Mr. Justice Luxmoore, to whom the debenture-holders' application was made

and managing director for the first seven years.

Well, the project was launched, and although the first year's trading yielded lower profits than those estimated, the position was considered satisfactory.

So much so, in fact, that Mr. Waterhouse and his co-directors decided to exploit the foreign markets to the full and opened branches abroad, offering special facilities on profit-sharing terms to overseas clients.

At least, that is what shareholders were told, though it was also intimated that more money was needed to develop the company's interests.

The nominal capital was accordingly increased by a further £100,000 in 5s. shares, most of which were sold readily at 6d. premium because of the bright prospects supposed to be ahead.

But in spite of this big increase in capital the profits at the end of the

next year were not nearly so good. Mr. Waterhouse was still quite optimistic, though, and announced that orders were pouring in so encouragingly that a turnover of £1,000,000 might be expected in the next balance-sheet.

Meanwhile a dividend, smaller than previously, was paid, and it was proposed to bring the company's capital up to £400,000.

Subscribers were not lacking, and if all the confident hopes had been realised the company should have been in a flourishing position long before to-day.

But alas! I find that the London office has been closed and that Mr. Waterhouse's optimistic plans seem to have miscarried.

Idle machinery

The R.M.C. mills, notwithstanding their fine, main line position, are not earning a penny. The splendid machinery, notwithstanding its 100 per cent. efficiency, is to-day at a standstill.

Shareholders who have put up nearly £360,000 in hard cash are wondering why!

Their query is best answered by an examination of some of the facts and figures relating to this lamentable crash.

The profits of the original private company so proudly announced in the prospectus were put in a very misleading way. The published figure of £26,768 was given without deducting certain directors' fees and other charges.

The figure with these deductions was £23,613!

But there are worse points to be considered.

Within a few months the whole of the limited liability company's capital had been expended, and in spite of all the rosy assurances, a bank overdraft of £18,855 had been incurred.

The gravity of such a setback so early in the company's affairs cannot be over-emphasised—particularly when I add that a debenture was later issued to the bank, charging the company's undertaking, all its property and assets and even any uncalled capital!

This, I would stress, all took place within the brief period of three months.

ANOTHER Strange Company CRASH

No wonder further capital was considered necessary!

Although optimism still prevailed, as time went on the position was really growing steadily worse. A second debenture had to be issued, bringing the company's indebtedness up to more than £81,000.

It now transpires, too, that the company was at a later date over-producing to the extent of something like £160,000 a year.

Such management is all the more difficult to understand in view of the fact that investors were told originally: "Your directors were cradled in the higher branches of the textile industry... at every point of control you have a specialist, equipped with technique and extensive experience."

Judging from the sorry position to-day I expect many investors must think it a pity that these precious specialists and technicians ever left their cradles!

Owing to the thoughtless over-production and the fact that the company was in no position to carry surplus stocks, quantities of cloth had to be sold at sacrifice prices which involved further heavy losses.

Then the position was complicated by litigation, and writs began to arrive at the company's headquarters. The directors fell out because no policy could be agreed upon, so Mr. Waterhouse finally found himself alone at the helm of a sinking ship.

A receiver was next appointed by the bank which was obliged to step in to safeguard its own interests when payments began to fall in arrears.

What, then, has Mr. Waterhouse to say to it all?

No wonder!

Here is his explanation, put as briefly as possible:

"After the dismissal of a certain director on November 7, 1931," he says, "the disclosure of certain irregularities prompted me to believe that the position of the company and its subsidiaries had not been truly represented by the accounts."

He admits that losses of £80,000 were occasioned by forced sales at below cost of surplus stock in order to provide liquid resources to "meet the company's pressing needs."

In the enquiry now proceeding it has been found that in one deal with the company's shares, Mr. Waterhouse made a paper profit of £11,382!

"This failure," the Official Receiver declares in a preliminary statement, "is due to mismanagement."

Allegations, he adds, have been made that stock values have been falsified and accounts between the parent company and its subsidiaries irregularly manipulated to arrive at the profit results shown in the annual accounts.

No wonder the investors await the final report with anxiety!

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Victorious Life!

HERE is the personal story of a JOHN BULL reader. I wish I could print it in full, for I am sure it would help and encourage others.

The writer says: "Seven years ago I was in business in London, with every prospect of future happiness, having perfect health, money, and all the average joys, including dreams of a successful marriage. To-day, at the age of thirty, I look back and realise that I was not as contented and thankful then as I ought to have been and as I am now."

"As so often in life, just as we are sailing care-free, something happens suddenly which shatters our whole little world. In my case the unexpected blow was a disabling illness, which unfortunately was discovered too late for a permanent cure to be possible."

"As soon as I learned this I faced the situation as calmly as I could with the determination to get the best out of it instead of the worst; and I think I have done so."

"I have attained to a quiet contentment instead of dreading what the future may bring. I find that my friends are glad to come and see me because I do not greet them with a long face and dreary complaints."

"I do my best to keep in touch with the world and to feel with other people's feelings, for I can see that the most fatal thing that can happen to anyone is to become self-centred."

"If my word could have influence with

any fellow-sufferer I would say, Never give up. You need not be condemned to depression and desolation of spirit, however hard your path."

It does one good to read a brave testimony like this, and it illustrates what one is constantly realising afresh, that it is not circumstances that make or mar happiness, but the spirit in which we meet them.

A man in the prime of life, with work to do and the strength to do it—two facts in which he is more fortunate than several millions of his fellow-countrymen—tells me that he has nothing to live for because the person he loves best in the world has been taken from him by death.

I am deeply sorry for him; many of us know what this kind of sorrow means; but let him take example by the person whose words are given above.

No man should ever say that he has nothing to live for while there is another heart in the world that needs comfort or a service to be rendered that calls for unselfish purpose and strength of will.

It has been well said that the open secret of right living is contribution to the common good. To be self-engrossed is to be morbid and miserable. If you cannot help in one way you can in another.

As the Archbishop of York has pointed out, victory over evil conditions is in itself a real good and a fruitful source of happiness. From this point of view life is a warfare in which everyone has a chance to win.

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY

Uric Acid Deposits Liquefied by New Herbal Extracts.

FREE SUPPLY AND ACID DETECTOR FOR SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM, ARTHRITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA AND NEURITIS.

So startling is the Ministry of Health's report on the ravages of Rheumatism and allied complaints that an eminent Specialist has, in the interests of public health, set aside 100,000 free supplies of his new discovery.

All sufferers from Rheumatism are offered FREE —

(1) A Trial supply of a wonderful new antidote that pours an essence of Anti-Rheumatic Herbs into every artery vein, muscle, and joint, liquefies deposits, and washes them from the system.

(2) A scientific Acid Detector which ENABLES you to TEST AND NOTE WITHIN A FEW HOURS the amazing speed with which this HERBAL SOLVENT is freeing your system from ACID.

(3) A Specialist's remarkable book which explains how and why the new Treatment will free you from any Rheumatic Ailment.

You will also learn —

HOW YOU CAN OBTAIN

Early removal of swellings.
Speedy Revival of Strength.
Quick Relief of Pain.
Restoration of mobility to stiff joints.
Return of suppleness to locked joints.
Properly Regulated Blood Pressure.

RHEUMATISM CAUSES HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE AND HEART DISEASES



Professor John Harrison, whose Historic Rheumatism discovery is announced to-day.

The appalling ravages of these diseases are due to NEGLECT IN THEIR EARLY STAGES of such stubborn and progressive diseases as Rheumatism, Gout, Arthritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Neuritis. If neglected, complications ensue, disablement of hands, arms, legs, or feet takes place, and lifelong crippling often results. The same acid deposits that cause Rheumatism cause high blood pressure and premature old age. The poison also eventually infects and injures the heart beyond repair.

FREE DEMONSTRATION

The Trial Treatment and Acid Detector (sent free) will give you a generous demonstration of the new curative process. You will see how your body is being poisoned by Acid, and a simple test will show this death-dealing poison being washed away.

STARTLING REVELATIONS

You will also receive absolutely Free a Specialist's remarkable book, just published. The revelations it makes are startling. It shows how thoroughly you can get rid of your Rheumatism without drugs, mineral salts, spas, or other expensive Treatments. Write to-day for your Free Treatment, Free Acid Detector, and Free Book. You may send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing if you wish, but are not obliged to do so.

Please write your name and address PLAINLY in a letter or on a postcard. Do not send your reply to "John Bull." Simply ADDRESS:—

PROFESSOR JOHN HARRISON,
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INDIGESTION

Mr. Smithson, 6, Drill Shed Yd., Bankfoot, Batley, writes: "For four years I suffered from Indigestion, lost flesh, and my whole constitution suffered. Other medicines only gave temporary relief. I was recommended to try Vitadatio, and after the first bottle felt great benefit. I continued, and now I have regained all I had lost, and feel better than I have felt for a long time."

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Invaluable for Stomach Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and most Chemists and Stores, 8/- and 6/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply for Export only, post free from—

VITADATIO Co. 121, ARNLEY, LEEDS



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"My 7¹⁰/₁₂ cake of Gibbs Dentifrice lasts over two months . . . and my Dentist says Gibbs is best for my teeth"

You might think, since Gibbs Dentifrice is not expensive, and is such a busy, thorough-going tooth-cleanser, that it would use up very quickly. But actually that is not so. It lasts and lasts amazingly. Change to Gibbs Dentifrice today and prove for yourself its pleasing flavour, its remarkable efficiency and its genuine economy.

THE MOST WIDELY USED TOOTH CLEANSER

Dentists recommend Gibbs Dentifrice enthusiastically. Millions of people all over the country—of all ages and in all grades of Society—use Gibbs Dentifrice regularly because they have found it to be the best.

REMOVES ALL DINGINESS

Notice how its cleansing antiseptic foam swirls between the teeth and into every nook and cranny, sweeping away every particle that could cause decay. See how Gibbs Dentifrice removes all dinginess and brings out the natural lustre of white, healthy teeth. Safely, too. Even after a lifetime's use, there is not a scratch on the enamel or sign on the danger line where the gums meet the teeth. Buy your case of Gibbs Dentifrice today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

In most aluminium cases: Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. For those who prefer a paste there is Gibbs Dental Cream in Tubes 6d and 1/-.

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., COLD CREAM SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.1

X-WORD PENSION AND £300 WON OUTRIGHT.

Result of Competition No. 185.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—

J. H. HUGHES, 13, Seaview Avenue, Eastham, Wirral.

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £300 and a Pension of 30s. a week for life, or a lump sum of £800.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 19th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 15 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £7 15s. 11d.

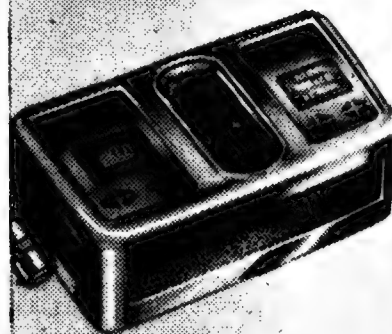
Mrs. V. E. Baker, "Wee Free," Poole Road, Upton, Poole; E. J. Breese, 18, Britannia Road, Ilford; S. C. Cape, 68, Broad Street, Ely, Cambs; W. Clutterbuck, 226, Gt. Lister Street, Birmingham; Miss E. Daly, Guinness Viceroy, Hayes, Cornwall; L. Furlong, 8, Pope's Head, Haslemere, Surrey; H. Hall, 7, Lees Road, Macclesfield, Nottingham; W. Lameridge, Collins' Farm, Cuckfield, Sussex; J. T. Love, 67, Newstead Road, Ringstanding, Birmingham; Mrs. E. Maylin, 14, Peppers Way, Hitchin, Herts; Mrs. C. Paul, 207, Wincobur Road, Spalding, Lincs; G. H. S. Redfern, Wormhill, Burton, Derby; A. W. Wright, 10, Midway Road, Scotia, Liverpool.

As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two shilling coupons were received in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 185: The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 717 entrants, and the award has been augmented to allow of payments of 2s. each. These payments are being despatched accordingly.

Another splendid Crossword with a First 5-in-1 Prize of 50/- a Week for Life and £300 cash, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 40. Try Your Skill Now!

1¹/₂ worth of H.T. FREE — every week!



The average 3-valve battery set costs over 1/- a week to run. An Ekco Unit gives you the same amount of current for a farthing! You save over a shilling every week and get better radio.* There is an EKCO Unit for every type and size of set. Just connect the appropriate model in place of your usual battery—then switch on—that's all! No alterations to set, wiring or valves.

Prices from **39/6** or by Easy Payments.

*Based on 3 hours' daily use of an average 3-valve set.

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Post Coupon for details.

To E. K. COLE Ltd. (Dept. J.B.S.), Ekco Works, Southend-on-Sea.
Please send me illustrated FREE literature of Ekco All-Electric Radio.

Name _____

Address _____

GIRL GRAFT VICTIM

—Amazing ORDEAL

APOLOGY and reparation for an outrage upon a young British woman, who was innocently drawn into the dirty backwaters of the presidential campaign and made to suffer terribly so that she might be silenced, should be one of the first duties of whoever is elected President of the United States next week.

To British observers of the election now ending, the most amazing aspect has been the allegations against the Republicans, the Party in power, of using official machinery to kidnap people in the opposition Democratic camp whom they had cause to fear.

So freely, indeed, have charges of the kind been made that the nightly radio programmes from America now contain songs and banter based upon the suggestion that the Republicans have been seizing opponents, certifying them as temporarily insane, and "railroading" them into lunatic asylums until the election is over.

This is exactly what happened to Miss Edwina Thompson, who, after long imprisonment, is now back at her home in St. Stephen's Square, Bayswater, London.

Man with a past

Until two years ago, when she was employed by a large advertising agency in London, Miss Thompson had been confidential secretary to the directors or managers of various industrial firms.

She then went to New York to take up an appointment at the American headquarters of the London advertising organisation, but later transferred to a secretaryship with the Braille Press and Institute at Los Angeles, California.

There, ten months ago, Miss Thompson, in the course of business, met a man named Gerald McConville, who was obviously wealthy and occupied a mansion and estate near the home of Mr. Harold Lloyd, the film actor, at Beverly Hills, Hollywood. His business interests were conducted from an apartment suite in Los Angeles.

Early in her professional association with McConville, Miss Thompson learned something of his history from the secretarial work she performed for him.

It was that, until not long before, he had been directing large-scale liquor smuggling operations on the Pacific coast and had, in fact, made his fortune from that traffic.

When Miss Thompson joined him, however, he had exchanged the bootlegging for the political racket and was taking a big but secret part in organising the campaign for the nomination of Governor Roosevelt as the Democratic presidential candidate.

Enmeshed

The Republicans began at the time a "Stop Roosevelt" counter-campaign, and it soon became clear to Miss Thompson that McConville was a leader in subterranean political warfare of the most vicious kind in which both sides were using drastic and dastardly tactics.

A number of disturbing incidents also proved to her that McConville was in peril from his former confederates in the bootlegging trade, who treated him as a renegade and who had, of course, thrown their money and forces into the Republican cause in the expectation that Roosevelt would declare for the repeal of the Prohibition laws and thus destroy the illicit liquor industry.

Miss Thompson decided to ask for a straight explanation from McConville of the position in which she was being unwittingly enmeshed.

He admitted that he was engaged in



Made to suffer terribly, treated as a mad woman—Miss Edwina Thompson, innocent victim of a dastardly political intrigue

political adventures of the worst kind and facing the hostility of men and organisations who treated life and liberty as a stake in the game.

Miss Thompson was told, however, that she would be in no danger if she strictly played the role of secretary and gave no clue to anyone outside that she had become aware of the identity or intentions of the men who were threatening him.

She knew that all the men referred to had previously been McConville's partners in the liquor smuggling enterprises and that they were incensed by his desertion into the Roosevelt camp.

three of the men she knew he feared with a motor-car near his apartment office.

She committed the indiscretion of letting them realise that she had seen and recognised them.

That evening she became aware that she was being followed home by a man, and, fearing for her own safety, she spent the night at a Y.W.C.A. hostel, to which she was again followed.

Next day, when there was still no sign or news from McConville, Miss Thompson told the whole inside story of his operations to the police, gave the names of the bootleggers in the Repub-

Only if anything happened to him, McConville said, should she lay certain information before the authorities and then leave the district.

Unfortunately Miss Thompson did not wholly observe this advice. Believing that she was acting in McConville's interests, she imparted some of the knowledge she had gleaned to certain people who, unknown to her, were associated with the bootlegging traffic and the anti-Roosevelt campaign.

One day last February McConville disappeared. He has not been seen or heard of by his relatives since then.

And an hour before he was missing Miss Thompson had seen

McConville who had menaced him, and asked for protection for herself.

The police passed her on to Republican Government agents, to whom she repeated her information.

It would be best for her safety, she was told, if she entered hospital, where arrangements could be quietly made for her to move to another part of the United States.

Only too late did Miss Thompson realise that although they were Government officers, it was to McConville's political enemies she had entrusted herself and confided her knowledge.

A few hours later she was put in a train and next day was escorted from it at San Francisco, 500 miles away, where she was taken not to a hospital but to a lunatic asylum.

Nine months' agony

She had been railroaded for the duration of the election campaign so that the anti-Republican forces McConville had been serving should not learn the information she possessed regarding his disappearance.

For nearly nine months Miss Thompson remained a captive. Not once was she medically treated for insanity or derangement, and the doctors informed her that so far as her mental condition was concerned she could leave the asylum at any time if she could get the order for her detention revoked.

Six weeks ago Miss Thompson's mother in London gave to the Foreign Office an account of her daughter's kidnapping as she had received it from her in the asylum.

It is significant that two days after the Foreign Office began to enquire into the facts, arrangements were made by Washington for Miss Thompson's release and removal to England.

About the same time, Miss Thompson learned from the officials of the asylum that as the Republican Party seemed to be facing the prospect of defeat at the election, its political prisoners were being discharged and she would be given her liberty so that she would be in England when the election took place.

So a few days ago Miss Thompson arrived at Liverpool.

When lunatics are deported from one country to another it is customary for them to travel under escort, and, of course, to remain under observation and detention in the country they enter.

Make them explain!

Nothing of this kind occurred in Miss Thompson's case. She travelled independently as an ordinary passenger from San Francisco to London.

The reason was, of course, that if the American authorities had dared to further insult her by deporting her as insane, their trickery would have been fully exposed the moment she reached England and was medically examined.

It was Lord Palmerston's boast for his country that British subjects, in whatever lands they might be, could be confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England would protect them against injustice.

We can only commend this declaration to Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary, when he is asked to deal with the case of Miss Edwina Thompson.

The Human Machine

It's SO SIMPLE!

AN extremely busy man who gets through an apparently inordinate amount of work every day was asked how he managed it; and how, in particular, he managed to keep his head above water in view of the fact that the things he did were so varied and diverse.

"I manage it," he said, "because I refuse to live more than one moment at a time. I never look ahead. I never worry ahead. As each task comes along I concentrate all my energies on it, without allowing my mind to stray to the next. The man who tries to get on with one job while he is brooding on the jobs ahead of him is simply wasting time and energy."

There is an old saying that declares: "One thing at a time and that thing well." It is the same secret of easy work and abundant output in one pithy sentence.

The essence of any man's daily problem is simple: Are you going to be master of your work or are you going to let your work be master of you?

Are you going to fritter away your mental energies by thinking all at the same time of the jobs you have done, of the jobs you still have to do, and of the job actually in hand? Or are you going to focus all your available energies into the only moment that is actually yours to do what you like with, the present?

It's a simple question—but success or failure depends on the answer to it.

"No man," said someone the other day, "can be in two moments at once, any more than he can be in two places at once." It's because so many people try, that they never succeed in being anywhere in particular.

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Write on a postcard

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- 2 The numbers of the various quality features in what you think will be the popular order according to the votes of competitors.
- 3 The date of your purchase of new "IMPERIAL" Old Bruyere.
- 4 The name and address of tobacconist from whom you bought it.

Remember it is a condition of each entry you have bought an "IMPERIAL" Old Bruyere after Sept. 31st. The Prize will be awarded to those whose forecast agrees or most nearly agrees with the order of popularity as shown by the result of the ballot. The decision of the Company shall be final and legally binding. Post as early as possible before closing date, DEC. 17, in ballot L.

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'NOSTROLINE'
For Rheumatism get "Puritan Salts," J. 4, Clifton, Bristol

OUR LIMELIGHT ON—

Defaulters of the STAGE



WE have long advocated action to end the scandal of the defaulting theatrical manager, and at last members of the profession themselves are getting together to see what can be done.

The British Actors' Equity Association held a special meeting in London last week, at which it was resolved that a plan should be formulated for the better protection of artists in the future.

How great the need is for that protection may be judged from facts we are able to reveal.

A joint complaint has just reached JOHN BULL from stranded members of the "Life's a Joke" company, whose show has come to a sudden and disastrous end in Longton, Staffordshire. Life is anything but a joke for them!

It was as recently as October 10 that their tour opened at Kettering, and at the end of their first week the twenty-four members of the company were unable to get their salaries.

Only the fact that the manager of a theatre in Longton advanced money for their fares enabled them to carry on. But the end of a second week found them in the same desperate plight, with no prospect of remuneration for all their arduous work.

A bad joke

They protested to the local police, faced as they were with the problem of raising money to pay their lodgings and their fares home.

Now, "Life's a Joke" was sent on this disastrous tour by a concern called Wilfred Benson's Productions, of 31, Maiden Lane, Strand, London.

When we say that one of the individuals behind this is a notorious financier named G. A. Andrews, who is now being sought for arrears of rates, the

"We are resolved to protect artists." The Secretary of the British Actors' Equity Association addressing the recent meeting

enormity of the scandal will be realised. It is not so long since a production named, ironically enough, "Not So Green," was launched on a provincial run, which was to be a preliminary to a London season.

A first-class company was assembled, including such prominent artists as Sydney Fairbrother, A. Bromley Davenport and Reginald Bach.

But at the end of the first week in Liverpool the cheques that had been handed to the cast were dishonoured.

The management was profuse in its apologies, and, blaming a "bookkeeping error," asked that the cheques should be re-presented.

The artists obeyed—to be disappointed a second time.

In the meantime a gentleman, moved by the company's plight, stepped in and made an offer to take over the liabilities of the production in return for the sole rights and properties.

An engagement was fulfilled at Birmingham, but when the company came to London it was found that there was a demand from another party for the return of moneys advanced, plus certain other payments for film rights.

In view of this, the new backer would not go on, but, as a man of honour, he sought the advice of the British Actors' Equity Association and agreed to make certain payments through it.

But for his action the entire company would have been stranded.

Here, again, irresponsible management at the outset was to blame for

their troubles. "Not So Green" was launched by Berlew Productions, a concern which has not bothered to comply with the legal formality of registering under the Business Names Act.

In the agreements which it gave to artistes, it was definitely stated that after a maximum of four weeks' provincial tour the show was to come to London.

How such an assurance could be given is not clear, since Berlew Productions' efforts to get an option on one West End theatre failed when its cheque was returned by the bank "R.D."

Defaulting managers seem to have a malevolent genius in naming their productions, for "Pay the Piper" is the title of another touring show which has a sorry history.

Seven artists were engaged for this by a company called Pegon, Ltd., which had no registered office and whose directors seem to favour anonymity.

After touring as far afield as Birmingham, Liverpool, Nottingham and Glasgow, the players crossed to Ireland, and a new piece, "Mountain Dew," was put on in Belfast.

Who to blame?

It was understood that the original contract should hold good, and in due course the company also played in Huddersfield and Bournemouth.

Then, without the notice stipulated in their contracts, the tour suddenly ended. No explanation was given, and the artists were left to return home.

When they sought to take legal proceedings against Pegon, Ltd., it was found that the company was not even registered at Somerset House, and that the contracts were signed by a man named Kenneth Johnston.

No responsible person can now be found to take the blame for this failure.

This summer a man calling himself Rex Deering was fined at Wrexham for breaches of the Theatrical Employers Registration Act.

He had taken a number of artists on tour, but disaster had engulfed them within the first two weeks. Practically all the company were short in their salaries and they had difficulty in getting their insurance cards, which in some cases were not stamped. Among the worst victims was a young girl who was owed £4.

As an instance of the ease with which really undesirable people can set themselves up as theatrical managers, we may mention the case of a man who was sent to jail last month for obtaining money by false pretences. He is Garry C. Colman.

Hiring rehearsal rooms in the Strand, London, he announced his intention of starting a theatrical company in Norwich. He said he would require 300 artists for a show that would open on October 18, and on the

strength of this he induced a young actress to pay him what he was pleased to term a "contract fee."

Only the prompt intervention of the police stopped him from carrying his scheme through.

Will it be believed that this would-be producer, who was thus seeking to engage 300 artistes, had emerged from jail barely a week before, after serving a long sentence for a previous excursion into the realms of bogus theatrical management!

Some idea of the frequency with which artistes are exploited will be grasped when we say that one organisation alone—the National Association of Theatrical Employees—has expended £3,000 in protecting its members.

Too many managers are ready to gamble at other people's expense.

Two men recently launched a £100 theatrical company which failed badly, yet they started a second venture in another name within three weeks!

It is not artists alone who suffer: stage hands, dressers and others may be victimised by these crashes.

They are invariably engaged "for the run" and paid "per performance." So if a show crashes on, say, the third night, they find, after weeks of unpaid rehearsals, that they are out of a job.

At the best they can claim only three nights' pay, and if they are in the clutches of a bogus manager they may not even get that.

What are the remedies? Clearly the Act of 1926 is quite inadequate in curbing defaulting managers, and the efforts of theatrical associations, admirable as they are, too often prove futile in the absence of proper legislation.

Produce that evidence!

It should be made imperative for potential managers to furnish satisfactory evidence of their qualifications, while backers should be compelled to provide evidence of their financial stability.

We hope all those earnest actors and actresses who are now concentrating upon their problems will bear these suggestions in mind.

We await their next move with interest, and can promise them our wholehearted support in their fight against the defaulting managers.

Two Men to Watch

THERE are two men, newly arrived in London from the Continent, who need watching. They need watching closely, or someone is going to lose a lot of money.

Their real names, when they choose to use them, are James Laurent Burton and Jonathan Coates. They have others, which they adopt at will, and which are too numerous to record here.

As confidence tricksters these men have few rivals, and their sudden arrival in this country is because they have made Paris too hot to hold them.

Their last victim there was an Australian, whom they robbed of something like four million francs. Like all "con." men, they specialise in fleeing Colonial and American tourists who are on the eve of returning to their own country, and so cannot remain behind to give evidence against them.

For the purpose of deceiving the Aus-

tralian victim, Burton posed as an American banker, giving the name of Jammerson, and producing documents that seemed to bear out every detail of the story he told.

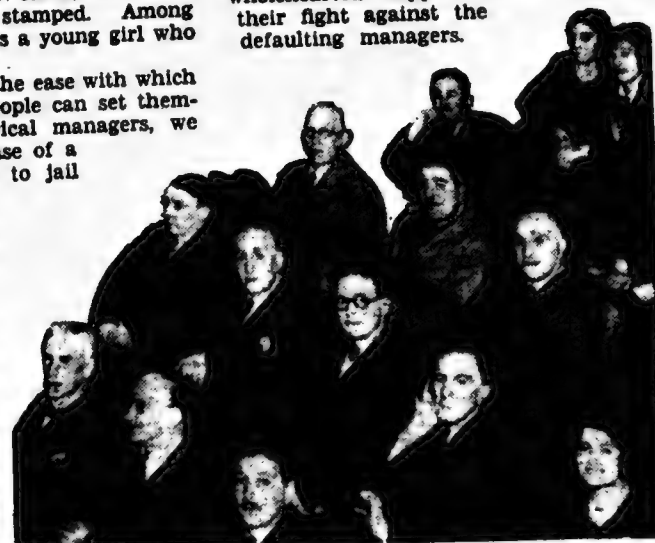
He professed to have secret information regarding stock and share markets, and furnished seemingly cast-iron evidence of his successes in past deals.

The four million francs were extracted from the Australian in varying amounts at a series of conferences which were staged at different Paris hotels.

Burton has been convicted of fraud in London, Paris and Nice, so his return to this country, with an able lieutenant, cannot be charitably viewed.

Indeed, enquiries into one recent confidence coup in London indicate that their activities have actually started already.

As we say, they need to be watched.



Some of the artists who attended the Equity meeting

BIG RELIGION



The consecration ceremony at Buckfast Abbey from which Brother Matthew escaped with the help of two members of the Protestant Alliance. Right: The Bishop of Exeter; demonstrators burnt a Prayer-book on the steps of his Cathedral

A FAMOUS religious organisation, whose name is known throughout the world, and whose operations have been in many ways remarkable, is doomed unless its administration is subjected to immediate inquiry and reorganisation.

It is the Protestant Alliance—the historic movement which has chosen for its watchword the solemn declaration, "I am a faithful Protestant!" made by His Majesty the King at his coronation in 1911.

Though it has passed through many vicissitudes, and its career has been marked by an extraordinary mixture of romance, riots and intrigues, its position to-day is more shaky than it has ever been.

We have received many complaints regarding its finances and the various methods it employs in raising money.

But first let us give some striking details of the operations of this society during the long period when it played so important a part in church politics.

The origin of the movement may be traced back to the close of the Gordon riots, which furnished Charles Dickens with such colourful material in "Barnaby Rudge."

Troubled past

Then 40,000 people, headed by Lord George Gordon, in an anti-papery agitation, marched to the House of Commons to present a petition.

There were appalling scenes of disorder, and in the clash with the military two hundred people were killed and 250 injured, while the damage done to property amounted to £180,000.

In its present constitution the Protestant Alliance represents a union of earlier bodies, brought about in 1845 by the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, who was its original founder and president.

To-day this rôle is filled by Lord Cushendun, while an imposing list of distinguished people figure as vice-presidents, including Lord Carson, Lord Glsborough, Sir Robert Kennedy, Sir Charles King-Harman, Rear-Admiral A. R. Emdin and Brigadier-General Adair.

The real administrator of the Alliance, however, is a fluent orator and fervent protestant writer

named Henry Fowler, who controls its varied and sometimes turbulent destinies from headquarters at Walter House, 418, Strand, London.

Great is the challenge the Protestant Alliance flings to the world. Lordly and magnificent are its aims and objects, while many of its achievements are dramatic and exciting.

Its main purpose, as summarised in its literature, is at any cost "to maintain and defend against all the encroachments of Popery the spiritual doctrines of the Reformation, and the principles of civil and religious liberty as the best security for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the British Empire."

Ugly clashes

In many respects the Alliance works on the same lines as an organisation known as the Protestant Truth Society.

This has identical aims and is run by the famous preacher and religious publisher, Mr. J. A. Kensit, whose father, John Kensit, was assassinated by individuals who objected to his strong views on the influences of what he termed "Romanism."

Like Mr. Henry Fowler, John Kensit had been in many troublous scenes through his strong belief that the English Church was weakening towards Rome, which caused him to be abused and hated in many quarters.

Like Mr. Henry Fowler, too, he often argued at Anglican church services about the way they were conducted, and on questions of alleged illegal ritual.

Ugly clashes between opposing forces became common, and reached a head following a series of meetings in the provinces.

After John Kensit had addressed a turbulent gathering at Birkenhead he was obliged to leave the hall under a strong police escort. An incensed and howling mob surged round him as he sought to make his way back to his hotel, and in the turmoil he was struck down by a blow from an iron bar.

He died from his injuries, but his real assailants were never brought to book.

With the passing of his father, Mr. J. A. Kensit took his place. History is repeating itself, for Lionel Fowler, the son of Henry Fowler, is also very actively engaged

as second-in-command at the headquarters of the Protestant Alliance.

Both J. A. Kensit and Lionel Fowler were concerned recently in a grave and unedifying disturbance at St. Hilary, Marazion, Cornwall, where certain ornaments and images were torn from the church walls.

Their removal had previously been ordered by the Bishop of Truro, following long agitation by the Protestant Alliance, but the vicar had declined to take any action.

Thereupon the Fowler-Kensit agitators took the law into their own hands and, entering the church, forcibly removed the articles of which they disapproved.

The explanation for this behaviour, given by Mr. Lionel Fowler in a current issue of the Protestant Alliance's monthly paper, the *Reformer*, is interesting.

It reveals his real feelings towards the vicar of the despoiled church.

"To-day," he writes, "the vicar was not a happy man. He was living in fear of another raid. There need not have been a raid at all."

"He had ample opportunity to remove the articles himself. He refused to do so, and if any damage was caused by their removal the vicar himself was responsible and no one else."

The zeal of some of the supporters of the Protestant Alliance has often prompted them to make dramatic demonstrations.

It is not so long since Mr. Henry Fowler led an impressive procession to Exeter Cathedral, where, with due ceremony, a copy of the Revised Prayer Book was publicly burned.

His solemn followers stood by while the volume was consumed in flames. Then, this demonstration over, a petition of protest was sent to the Home Secretary in the name of the Alliance.

But let us turn for a moment from this dramatic gesture of the Alliance to another aspect of its administration about which there have been many complaints.

Some idea of the uneasiness which members have latterly felt regarding the administration of the Protestant Alliance is afforded by a letter which reaches us from a man who was once an active worker in the cause.

He tells us that he and fellow-members became aware that things



were not as they should be, but they could gain no satisfaction when they questioned those in authority.

Finally, they arranged a meeting among themselves and framed such questions as: Who is the Protestant Alliance? Who is controlling its policy at headquarters? and How are the finances managed?

Mr. Lionel Fowler was invited to attend this meeting, at which it was divulged that the last official gathering of subscribers had been before the war and that no records



RELIGIOUS SENSATION

Doom of the PROTESTANT ALLIANCE



An Alliance speaker addressing a Hyde Park audience

of the proceedings could now be found!

One burning complaint among members is that they have never at any time seen a proper balance-sheet, but have simply been furnished with a "General Financial Statement" which is too vague to give a satisfactory idea of how the funds are being administered.

Under pressure from anxious subscribers an official meeting was called early this summer and several pertinent questions were put to those on the platform without eliciting any satisfactory replies.

Asking why

One subscriber asked why a large proportion of the income of the Alliance was allotted in salaries and whether there were any other paid employees apart from Mr. Fowler's own family.

The Alliance has been in a bad financial position for years, and its funds, according to very unsatisfactorily prepared and vague balance-sheets before us, are mostly swallowed up by salaries and expenses.

"Stationery, printing and magazine expenses, including the editor's salary," are all lumped together.

All one can conclude from the receipts is that the magazine has not a very extensive circulation.

"Salaries of secretary and staff of central office" are similarly grouped, and the rent of the offices is given with "expenses" that are not specified.

Balance-sheets issued in other years have been equally uninformative.

Although the Protestant Alliance is not so big and not so well organised as the Kensit society, which covers much the same ground, it is constantly appealing for funds.

It calls for money for the training of speakers and for its "fighting fund"; but its administration has not always escaped criticism.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was threatened with a monster petition of protest against an Anglo-Catholic gathering at a London sports ground

One distinguished critic is the Reverend A. C. Downer, D.D., who, in a long statement concerning the real constitution of the Alliance, states:

"It is a marvel to me that the present secretary and his sons allow themselves to be placed in such an invidious position, one in which their own good name is at stake."

Doctor Downer points out that a friend of his, a well-known minister, had informed him that he was unaware that he belonged to the Alliance's committee.

This is interesting, for though the name of that famous preacher, the Rev. T. Dinsdale Young, figured for a long time in the literature of the Alliance, he has stated that he has never at any time gone into its affairs and knows nothing of its organisation!

Perhaps the most astounding exploit of this body took place some years ago at the famous Buckfast Abbey, which was recently consecrated, on its completion by Benedictine monks, by Cardinal Bourne.

The central figures in this exploit were a young monk named Brother Matthew, two representatives of the Protestant Alliance, and an ex-monk named Brother Ansgar.

Escaping monk

Apparently Brother Matthew broke the Buckfast Abbey regulations, and was ordered by the Abbot to be treated as an outcast, with "discipline," in the form of flagellation, to take place once a week until further notice.

It was alleged that the erring monk broke down completely under this, and the Protestant Alliance stepped in.

With the aid of the ex-monk Ansgar, two members of the Alliance laid plans to rescue Brother Matthew, and in the end they succeeded in enabling him to make good his escape.

Among other crowded events in its career was a striking conflict between the Alliance and its rivals two years ago. It was no less eminent a dignitary than the Bishop of London who then crossed its path.

He had granted permission for an Anglo-Catholic Mass to be held in a London sports arena, where a high altar was to be specially constructed.

Mr. Henry Fowler wrote to the Bishop and threatened to hold a mighty demonstration in Hyde Park prior to the Anglo-Catholic gathering.

He also threatened to prepare a monster petition urging the Prime



The Rev. T. Dinsdale Young has stated that he knows nothing of the Alliance's affairs, although his name has appeared in the literature

Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury to stop the gathering.

Representation was to be made, too, to the War Office in an endeavour to prevent the Life Guards' band from attending.

Hyde Park is one of the regular meeting places of the Protestant Alliance, and many disturbances have occurred there through stormy meetings and clashes with rival bodies.

Much is made in the literature of the splendid ability of the chief speaker of the Alliance, Mr. Henry Murphy. But, although this man depends upon speaking for his livelihood, his reward from the Alliance is £1 a week for his services in Hyde Park and elsewhere!

Intervention in Parliamentary elections and sweepstakes are among the Protestant Alliance's varied activities.

It prides itself upon having defeated Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Party candidate, Mr. V. C. Redwood, at the last Bromley Parliamentary election.

And some time ago it sought to induce the Prime Minister to stop a sweepstake that was being organised in aid of the Limerick Franciscan Friary.

Then Father Martindale's broadcast talks, "What is a Saint?" moved the Alliance to enter into correspondence with the B.B.C.

The outcome was that Sir John Reith told Mr. Henry Fowler in very definite terms that he was wrong in his facts, and dismissed the matter

by saying: "We can hardly hope to give satisfaction to extremists."

The Protestant Alliance, which has branches in different parts of the country, recently opened one at Southend under the personal supervision of Mr. Lionel Fowler.

A report from the local secretary speaks for itself, and reveals the fighting spirit of the Alliance.

"My people go up and tackle the R.C.s," it runs. "We have pushed them up the far end of the promenade."

The *Reformer*, which is edited by Lionel Fowler, by the way, often indulges in violent outbursts.

"Anglo-Catholic Priest's Amazing Marriage Instructions" is one heading, under which is printed an account of a Liverpool cleric's views, lifted from the *Manchester Guardian*.

"Bishop of Exeter on Nuns' Lives" and "Girls' Yearnings After Vows" are other headlines which appear over an article reporting an address by the Bishop of Exeter at the Church Assembly.

We thought fit to comment upon the boisterous nature of the meeting held in May last at the Kingsway Hall, and this brought forth an aggrieved reply in the pages of the *Reformer*.

"Whose is the hidden hand?" the editor demanded.

Disaster, unless—

There was nothing hidden. JOHN BULL simply stated the facts and suggested that a full meeting of all the Alliance's members should be called with a view to bringing the growing dissatisfaction to an end.

The *Reformer* took exception to our contention that no proper meetings had been held, and proudly announced that one had been held quite recently. It did not add that this was the stormy gathering commented upon by us!

What of the future? The Fowler family have the administration largely in their own hands. They are, to all intents and purposes, the Alliance.

Yet this body is still represented to be a huge and important concern, doing a vast work, though to-day it is really only a redundant organisation.

Its present is extremely precarious. Its future can only spell its doom unless, as we have said, there is a drastic reorganisation of its administration.

JOHN BULL Readers' Own Stories—8

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No matter where you reside we guarantee to fit you perfectly from

**OUR UNFAILING
SELF-MEASURE
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The risk is entirely with us. The Barry Service justifiably enjoys the largest repeat order business in the country. The fit, finish and quality of Barry clothes vie with those costing considerably more elsewhere.

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of our latest ranges of suitings and overcoatings. With free patterns we send you handsome Fashion Book showing London's latest styles, as also our unfailing self-measure chart. Send a postcard to-day.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN
**The BARRY
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FLEECE-LINED ALL-WEATHER COAT
IN PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE

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**WORTH TREBLE
THE PRICE**

Smartly cut from dependable super-wool cloth, with storm defiant "Parabar" interproofing and elegant fleece lining throughout.

**THE WORLD'S
GREATEST BARGAIN
IN ALL-WEATHER COATS.**

Post us your remittance giving us your height and size round chest **OVER WAISTCOAT.** State whether Putty shade or Navy Blue preferred.

Also in Single Breasted Style without Belt — 16/6

S. A. BARRY & CO.
J.B. Dept., 26, CITY ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.1.



ONE adventure. Yes, only one. No stowing away or treks through wild, uncharted forests or strange lands.

But while it lasted it was thrilling enough. I shall have to change a few names, for obvious reasons, but the story I have to tell is absolutely true.

A few years ago I was out of a job. I had answered so many advertisements without success that I was beginning to think it was a waste of time.

At last, after applying for a post as a private secretary to a Dr. Stranz, of Lanley, near Ranrig, in an adjacent county, I received a postcard which simply stated:

"Everything satisfactory; call Monday at 4.30 p.m."

I could hardly contain myself until the time came round for me to set out for my new job. I had no previous experience of private secretarial work, but I was willing to tackle anything.

Lanley, I found, was quite a mile from the station. On enquiry, I learned that it was a kind of nursing-home for mental cases. Having plenty of time, I decided to walk.

When I reached the imposing front gates and the large lodge, I realised that Lanley must be a pretty big house.

The gates were locked, so I pulled on an old-fashioned bell, which set up a depressing clanging. An old woman emerged from the lodge and opened the gates, glaring at me all the while in a malevolent manner. Never a word did she say. She disconcerted me.

I am never a great hand at conversation, and the old woman's suspicious glances were enough to rob me of my power of speech. It was with an effort that I managed to ask, "Is the doctor in?"

THE old woman nodded her head. I moved up the driveway, but before turning a bend I glanced back. The old woman was still eyeing me with the same intentness, but the look of malevolence had changed to a look of pity. I wondered what it meant.

The drive was fully a quarter of a mile in length, and after enjoying the beautiful walk, I was disagreeably surprised at the sight of the house. I had expected a mansion, and saw instead a plain, one-story building, little bigger than the lodge and not as attractive.

I went up to the front door and rang the bell. While waiting for the door to be opened, I read on a brass name-plate: "Dr. S. B. K. Stranz, Brain Specialist."

The door was opened by a burly individual, who motioned me to step inside. After showing me into a doctor's consulting-room of the usual kind, he said:

"You know, Dr. Stranz is not at home, but Dr. Harding is expecting you." He turned to leave the room, then added: "Dr. Harding always looks after things in Dr. Stranz's absence."

Two minutes later the doctor came into the room. As big as the servant, black-bearded and fierce-looking, he wasn't my ideal of a doctor. He made me think of anarchists and bombs!

His greeting was affable, though, and he spoke about the weather and my journey, and apologised for the absence of Dr. Stranz.

He seemed very vague and strange. He suggested examining me, and when I asked him what he meant, he ignored my surprise, and answered: "Well, you know, it is essential that I should know just how fit you are."

Thinking that to serve in such an establishment fitness was a necessity, I gave in. The examination proved very exacting.

When he had finished, the doctor murmured, "Yes, you'll do."

I took this for confirmation that I



—by
Mistake

"The doctor was now running his fingers over my head. It filled me with loathing. I hated him!"



Illustrated by
Edgar Spenceley

was really engaged. All this while the doctor had not asked me my name and never addressed me by name, but I only realised this later.

All these preliminaries over, the doctor suggested dinner. Accordingly, we retired to the bathroom to wash. The doctor led the way and afterwards retired to his own room to change.

At six o'clock we dined; an admirable meal, served by the servant who had opened the door. Burke was his name.

The meal over, the doctor said: "Burke will show you to your room, sir, and to-morrow we shall have another conversation to find out what can be done." To Burke he said: "Show the gentleman to No. 6."

I FOLLOWED the servant upstairs, noting the uniformity of all the doors; there were about seven. Each bore a small blue enamel disc, with white numbers. Burke opened No. 6, revealing an inner door, apparently made of steel and heavily bolted. "What's the idea?" I demanded. "The only empty apartment, sir," he explained.

The interior of the room was like a private ward in a hospital. Two easy chairs, however, took away the bare look and helped to give the place an air of comfort. There was no window, no fire. Somehow I felt uneasy after Burke left.

To add to my uneasiness, a patient, who I presumed was in the room immediately opposite, started to rave and shout in a delirium. Being tired, I got into bed and tried to sleep. I wasn't very successful, and it was a great relief when morning came.

Rising early, I donned my clothes and

(Continued on page 26.)

"Nerves are getting me down."

Helen C. has lately been growing very nervy. She is "jumpy" and fretful, suffering from violent attacks of neuralgia, headaches, dizziness and a general lowness of spirits. This is particularly depressing for her as she is usually such a sensible and jolly girl.

Helen's trouble is of course, that she is Anæmic. Let her try a course of Hall's Wine and she would find at once that poor blood was to blame. For Hall's Wine enriches the blood—keeps it healthy and vigorous



The cause of her Nerves—POOR BLOOD!

INSTANT HELP is what Hall's Wine gives to those whose nerves are "getting them down." Its help is swift because it passes so quickly into the blood stream. And it is *quick help* that you want if you have got into that awful nervy state. You don't want patience preached to you. You want to feel—**AT ONCE**—that what you take is going to lift you right up. *That's what is so fine about Hall's Wine.* The first wineglassful brings you hope. Every succeeding one gives you more strength—more freedom from your present trouble. Let it begin to-day.

HALL'S WINE ENRICHES THE BLOOD

Large bottle 5/6; Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Chemists, Smaller size 3/3.

Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.



Aids digestion

WRIGLEYS after every meal



After coffee is finished, and the cigarette smoked . . . then is the time for Wrigley's.

After every meal Wrigley's, by promoting the flow of the digestive juices, aids digestion so that every meal is more enjoyable. It cleanses and protects teeth and leaves the mouth fresh and clean.

You will enjoy the lasting flavour of Wrigley's . . . its cool freshness, its goodness, remain tempting to the end.

In two flavours—P.K., with the genuine double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, with the pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet—worth many times more for the good it does you.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.



1d PER PACKET



WRIGLEY'S

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM

E.M.3

KEENEST PRICES

The Graves latest Fashion Display not only illustrates the newest & smartest styles in Ladies' Wear, but clearly demonstrates what can be done in keen competitive pricing. Every lady should write to-day.

A.P.10 Lovely two-tone Dress in Plain Art Silk Crêpe. The skirt has new low drape, and bodice is in a contrasting shade. Green, Taupe, Navy, Brown, Navy & Black. Bust: 32, 34, 36 and 38. Length: 18/6 to 20. **18/6** **20/6** **22/6** **24/6** **26/6** **28/6** **30/6** **32/6** **34/6** **36/6** **38/6** **40/6** **42/6** **44/6** **46/6** **48/6** **50/6** **52/6** **54/6** **56/6** **58/6** **60/6** **62/6** **64/6** **66/6** **68/6** **70/6** **72/6** **74/6** **76/6** **78/6** **80/6** **82/6** **84/6** **86/6** **88/6** **90/6** **92/6** **94/6** **96/6** **98/6** **100/6** **102/6** **104/6** **106/6** **108/6** **110/6** **112/6** **114/6** **116/6** **118/6** **120/6** **122/6** **124/6** **126/6** **128/6** **130/6** **132/6** **134/6** **136/6** **138/6** **140/6** **142/6** **144/6** **146/6** **148/6** **150/6** **152/6** **154/6** **156/6** **158/6** **160/6** **162/6** **164/6** **166/6** **168/6** **170/6** **172/6** **174/6** **176/6** **178/6** **180/6** **182/6** **184/6** **186/6** **188/6** **190/6** **192/6** **194/6** **196/6** **198/6** **200/6** **202/6** **204/6** **206/6** **208/6** **210/6** **212/6** **214/6** **216/6** **218/6** **220/6** 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GEORGE HAS AN IDEA



"George, I've just realized Mother's coming to dinner today. What am I to give her for pudding?"

"Why not give her a milk pudding like you made the other night? You know — with those great big raisins in it —"

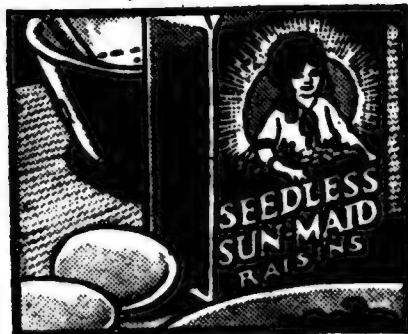


"Oh, yes, Sun-Maids. They certainly do come to the rescue — they save me about an hour in stoning. Have some now — yes, out of the packet — say which — always absolutely clean. Say which — seedless or seeded?"



"My dear girl, what a delicious pudding! And where do you get such wonderful raisins?"

"Oh, they're Sun-Maids, Mother, — didn't you know?"



SUN-MAIDS are the plump, juiciest, sweetest, finest flavoured because they're sun-ripened. BLUE packet — seeded. RED packet — seedless. Send for a free recipe booklet to Dept. 1810, Producers' International Sales Association Limited, 59 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Iron for listlessness

No real interest in things, no enthusiasm — no go? It's iron you need — take it in delicious Sun-Maid raisins — the easiest and best way.

GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

went to the door, meaning to have a stroll before breakfast. To my astonishment, I found the door locked. What could it mean? I hammered on the panels, but there was no response. I waited a little, then I kicked the door, with no better result.

Presently I started kicking again, this time as hard as I could. My restless night and my fruitless hammerings on the door did not improve my temper.

About three hours after I had got up, I heard a fumbling at the door, and Burke entered, bearing a breakfast tray. I assailed him with a storm of abuse and demanded an explanation.

My outburst seemed to pass unnoticed. Burke merely yawned.

"There ye are, now," he said; "here's yer breakfast. The doctor told me to fetch it up, as you're kicking up such a row!"

By this time I was desperate. I could hardly speak. I spluttered wrathfully, but Burke still took no notice of me. He set down the tray, and moved towards the door.

I sprang across the room and grappled hold of him, but he threw me off. I regained my voice. "What is the meaning of this?" I cried. "There must be some mistake." He shrugged his shoulders.

I MOVED towards him, to press my appeal. His right fist swung out. I saw it coming, but couldn't escape it. When I recovered from the blow, he had gone.

Reluctantly I ate something. Then the ravings of the poor wretch across the way started. I realised that he was speaking to me and listened.

"Hi, you!" he called. "You who came in last night!"

"Yes?" I asked, glad to talk with someone.

A wave of unearthly laughter greeted me. "Ha! ha! ha!! Another victim for the mad Dr. Stranz."

"What's that?" I demanded.

"Another victim for the mad doctor; he's as mad as a March hare!"

My blood turned cold at the sound of that wild, terrible laugh. I was sorry for the poor fellow.

"Is Dr. Stranz really mad?" I asked.

"Hu, mad! Yes, mad, mad, mad, madder than mad. Believes he's a brain specialist. Curious the beliefs of mad folk."

I agreed. "Is Burke mad, too?" I asked.

"I don't know. He's on the doctor's side, anyway."

"Is Dr. Harding mad?"

"I suppose so."

"How did you come here, and how long have they held you?"

"I don't know; I've been drugged, kidnapped, shanghaied here."

"Are there any more patients in the building?"

"Yes, three or four."

Except for his terrible laugh he sounded rational enough.

Then he broke in again.

"These daft doctors must have someone to work on, you know—somebody different. That's probably why they lured you here."

I was filled with horror. Anything might happen in this remote house, ruled over by two mad doctors, who imagined themselves to be brain specialists. I was afraid.

WHY had they picked on me? What would they do to me?

How could I get away? I asked myself these questions, unavailingly.

I thought with hope of the promised conversation with Dr. Harding. It did not materialise. What was worse, night came and no more food was brought to me. Far into the early hours of the morning I paced the room. I could not think coherently. The shrieks, curses, incantations and weird laughter of my fellow-victim kept me from concentrating.

At last he became quiet. I crept into bed with no thought of going to sleep. But to my surprise I slept quite soundly — so soundly, in fact, that when I awoke it was to feel myself being lifted from the bed on to a table or something. I tried to move, but found myself pinioned.

The doctor and Burke were doing the lifting. The doctor smiled in what he

imagined to be a reassuring manner. It frightened me.

Again I was assailed with doubts. I protested. I shouted out my name. The doctor only smiled.

I knew my only hope lay in being calm and that the doctor was sane, so I appealed to him to listen to me. I urged that he was making a mistake, but he started to humour me, and this made me frantic.

Losing my temper, I shouted and abused him and his assistants. Still the doctor simply smiled and tried to humour me.

"But you came here of your own free will," he protested, "so surely you are willing to undergo treatment?"

With that he signed to Burke, and I found out that I was being wheeled out of the room, presumably to the operating theatre.

On reaching the operating room I made one more appeal.

"Yes, I came here of my own free will, in answer to an advertisement by Dr. Stranz, who was seeking a secretary," I cried. But no one took any notice.

Dr. Harding was busy at a cabinet from which I could see the glint of surgical instruments. I looked round me. The operating table, the arc lights, the chair — like that used in a dentist's room — the shining instruments, the coldness of the place, all combined to work me into a panic, and I became as violent as it was possible for me to be under the circumstances.

But I was soon quieted. A jab from the needle and I collapsed.

When I came to I was on the chair, not the table, for which I was thankful. Dr. Harding stood near, with a saucer-like shield, which threw out a host of lights from its many facets.

I tried to speak, but couldn't. I tried to move, but couldn't. It was terrible.

THE doctor was now running his fingers over my head. It filled me with loathing. I hated him!

I made an effort to move and only fainted.

When I regained consciousness I was in my room again. The old woman was bringing in a tray of food, and Burke was undoing the straps that pinioned my arms and legs. I glared balefully at them.

Having undone the straps, Burke followed the old woman out, carefully locking the door after him.

For what seemed hours I lay motionless. At last I thought about the food. It would be wise to eat, I reflected. If there should be a chance of escape I'd be the better for the food.

I planned to rush Burke when he came to collect the tray, but he didn't return that night.

The poor fellow across the way kept up his vehement ravings all night.

Eventually I went to sleep, to be tormented by dreams and nightmares.

When Burke came in the morning with my breakfast I had discarded the idea of fighting my way to freedom. I was calm and quiet. Burke was pleased to find me so. He was still wary, and tried to humour me. "The doctor will be wanting to examine you again, sir," he confided.

"What ever for, Burke?" I asked.

"I'm not potty."

"All right, sir, all right," he murmured, watching me keenly. "You know, unless you give the doctor a chance he can't do anything to help you, sir. It doesn't help being violent."

IT WILL PAY YOU—

—to see pages 2, 3 and 5 in this issue, where you will find JOHN BULL'S "Postal Bargains" and "small ads."

"But, Burke, surely Dr. Stranz is sane?" I protested. "He surely isn't in the habit of advertising for secretaries and then having them locked up in this place."

Burke did not answer.

"Burke, I'm sane, not mentally deranged," I continued as I moved towards him to make my appeal more impressive. "Can you or will you not do anything for me?"

AT that moment Dr. Harding came in.

"Better this morning, eh?" he asked pleasantly.

I nodded.

"Come along and let me have another look at you, sir."

"Certainly, doctor," I answered; it was now my turn to humour him. I thought that would be my best plan. I followed the doctor to the operating room with a show of willingness. He was very affable and spoke of the best method of treating me, of Dr. Stranz's methods, of his own methods, of the methods employed elsewhere, of the modern phases of dealing with disorders of the brain.

Under different circumstances it would have been all very interesting. I did not follow it very closely. My mind was full of tumbling thoughts, one falling over the other. Who was mad? The patient or the doctor?

I only faintly recollect that examination. I heard the doctor making suggestions. I kept answering "Yes."

He said that if I took certain medicines I would help towards my recovery. I said "Yes." To many other things I kept answering "Yes."

Through and through my frightened brain were running fantastic plans of escape. There was no real means of escaping unless I had the power to tell the doctor and the burly Burke.

Four more days I suffered. The uncertainty of it was the worst. For two days I got hardly any food, and, with the medicine I was getting,

I surmised that Dr. Harding was contemplating an operation on my person. I was afraid. But what could I do?

Monday morning dawned, my eighth day in this madhouse. About noon Burke and Dr. Harding came into my room. Burke was wheeling the chair that was to take me to the operating room. It was too much for me; I fainted.

When I recovered two white-coated figures were bending over me. I wanted to scream, but couldn't.

ONE of the figures had a pair of kindly, twinkling dark eyes. It was Dr. Stranz. He spoke soothingly to me, and asked me to accept his abject apologies for the mistake that had been made.

It seemed that on the day he had written asking me to call on a certain date he had also written a card to a Mr. Somers, who had arranged to enter the home for treatment. Somehow or other he had confused the dates!

Mr. Somers, the mental patient, should have called last Monday, and I wasn't due until to-day. The mistake was only discovered now through the arrival of Mr. Somers.

Dr. Stranz was kindness itself and pressed me to accept the post that had brought me to his establishment. But I don't suppose anyone will blame me for declining with thanks, and taking the first train back home!

NEXT WEEK: A Canadian reader tells how he was once forced to serve under the famous Mexican bandit Pancho Villa.

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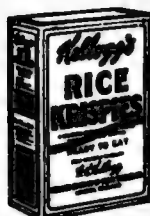
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J.B., 5/12/32.

A Mother's Quandary

MANY of my readers will remember a poem that was popular some years ago. It told of a father and mother who were struggling to support a large family, and, just when things were at their worst, an offer came from a childless home.

Those childless parents expressed a willingness to adopt one of that big family and bring it up as their own.

That night the father and mother lit a candle and went from bed to bed among their slumbering children, trying to decide which one they could spare. And they came to the conclusion that they could not part with any of them. Each child was as dear as though it were the only one.

That poem might have been written by one of my correspondents, for this

—GIVING AWAY A CHILD

easier for the others. So there would be a material advantage for all the members of the family.

Secondly, there is the position of the aunt. No doubt her motives are kindly in desiring to relieve that mother of some of her burden, but is that aunt a fit person to bring up those children?

I am forced to ask this because of the sentence in her letter—"I am afraid that she rather spoils them." That, of course, may be due to the fact that she has more money and is thus able to give them comfort and luxuries that they do not enjoy at home.

Then there is my correspondent herself. She is obviously greatly attached to her large family, for though times are hard, she says, "We are shortly welcoming another one."

That mother knows whether she can bring herself to part with those two. She must consider the advantages in such a course. It is not easy to compare material with



Is their love strong enough to let their child go to another's home?

mother is in exactly the same position. Here is her letter:

"We have six children. The eldest is eleven, and we shall shortly welcome another one. My husband has been unemployed for some months, and it has been a hard struggle, with so many to care for and such a little money.

"A relative of my husband, one of his aunts, who has no children of her own and who is better off than we are, has taken a fancy to two of our bairns, and would very much like to adopt them.

"Sometimes these two stay with her for a day or two, and I am afraid that she rather spoils them, for when they return they seem dissatisfied and start to quarrel with the other children. This only happens on these occasions, for, otherwise, although we are so poor, we are a very happy family.

"I have repeatedly refused this aunt's request, as I have wanted my family to be brought up together, and I have buoyed myself up with the hope that they are growing older and that things can't always be as bad as they are now. "But this aunt tells me that I am very selfish, and I know that my attitude has caused a good deal of unpleasantness. If you can help me to make a decision I should be very grateful indeed."

Now, in a problem of this sort, there are three different aspects to consider.

There is first of all that of the two children. It is obvious that in a home where there is so much hardship the family must be denied many of the necessities of life. To allow two of those children to be cared for by a relative with adequate means of supporting them should give them a far better start in life.

But that is not all. It should make it

maternal affection.

But if she feels that the proposal made to her is for the good of her family as a whole; that the aunt is a fit person to have the care of the children, and that they would be happy with her, then I would suggest that the pain of parting with them would be compensated by the knowledge of their well-being.

My next problem is one that will arouse a good deal of sympathy, because it is from a young man who has had more than his share of trouble.

During the last few months his wife has died, leaving him with a little girl of a year and a half, and, to add to his sorrow, shortly after his wife's death he became unemployed. As a result he had to dispose of his home and is now existing on the "dole."

Recently he has been living with a man and his wife who have no children of their own, and this woman has taken a great fancy to, and expressed a desire to adopt, my correspondent's little girl.

His letter goes on:

"If I agree, the child will, I know, be well brought up and decently educated, and I shall feel that her future is assured. But they want a complete surrender and are urging me to agree to this course.

"They point out that I may remarry, in which case the child might not be happy, or I might have to leave the neighbourhood in search of work, and I could not take the child with me. Yet in fairness to the memory of my wife I would like to keep her.

"I do so want to do the right thing,



even if it means a sacrifice, and I sorely need your advice."

I am perfectly clear as to what advice I should give in this case. It would be extremely unwise for my correspondent to come to a hasty decision on such an important matter.

When times are bad it is so easy to look at things through dark-coloured spectacles, and in the stress and strain of these days he might commit himself to an arrangement that he would bitterly regret in after years.

I suggest, therefore, that he should carry on as at present, assuring his friends that he will reconsider the matter in a year or two. Then, when better days return and his immediate troubles have been left behind him, he can readjust his outlook on a more stable basis.

When that time comes, if he feels that his little girl's interests would be better served by surrendering her to those foster-parents, he can then do as they desire.

And in view of all I have said I am sure the people with whom my correspondent is staying will see the reasonableness of this course and agree to it.

* * *

And what shall I say to this bachelor of fifty-five? He writes:

"A few years ago a great friend of mine married late in life. A year afterwards his wife died in giving birth to a baby boy, and now my friend has died.

"The child is now six or seven years old, a fine, healthy boy but he has no relative of his own to look after him. I have expressed a desire to bring him up, but my brother and his wife, with whom I live, say that it is a very foolish thing for me to contemplate.

"I think that at the bottom of it they feel that my nephews and nieces should have anything that I possess, and that if I adopt this boy he may come in for it.

"If I do decide to bring him up I should leave here take a home of my own and get a motherly housekeeper.

"I realise, of course, that it is an important decision to take, and as I have been impressed by your sound advice on other occasions I should like to know what you feel about it."

If I were this man I would certainly adopt this child.

What are the advantages? He would be taking under his care a lad who has no parents and yet is the child of an old friend. His nephews and nieces do not need him in anything like the same degree. They have their parents.

I feel too, that my correspondent will enjoy foster-fatherhood. As a bachelor of fifty-five it will bring him a new interest in life. And such an interest, as the late Lord Birkenhead told us, "is that which makes life worth living."

So I advise my friend to go ahead with his plan. That home of his own with an adopted son, sounds attractive.

"John Bull's" "Humanist" is ready to help our readers. Do you need guidance? Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. £1 is paid for each letter quoted.

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CLOWN'S
Greatest Hour
by
Whimsical
Walker



NOT many people know that I was once a cricketer! But I was; if only for the hour I'd like most of all to live again.

On that occasion the audience thought I was Dr. W. G. Grace. I was made up to look like the great man of cricket, and by a mere fluke I hit the ball with the force and dexterity of the most renowned figure who ever went into "the middle."

It happened in the 'nineties, more years ago than I care to remember. The cricket "ground" selected for the match was the sawdust ring of old Hengler's Circus, pitched at Scarborough.

An added interest was given to the Scarborough season this particular year, for the late King Edward was in the neighbourhood. He was then Prince of Wales and had gone to Yorkshire for the shooting, but found it more convenient to live near Scarborough.

I can say without boasting that King Edward was a personal friend of mine, and whenever he happened to be near a place where I was performing invariably came to see the circus and send for me afterwards for a yarn.

THE same thing happened at Scarborough, save that I was on several occasions commanded to be one of the shooting party. On one of them the King's guests including the celebrated "W.G."

Naturally the conversation turned to cricket. The late King was very interested in all forms of sport and he had long chats with Dr. Grace on the great summer game.

On the afternoon of the day I made my debut as a cricketer we happened to pass through a country village. It was crowded with children, who seemed to have no organised amusement.

The King suggested that we should have a game of cricket, and without disclosing the identity of anyone, we picked sides. Dr. Grace captained the one side and the late King the other. The village children joined in and we had a rollicking time before returning to Londesborough Lodge, where the King was staying.

Just before I took my leave the King called me and said: "Walker, we are coming to the circus to-night about nine o'clock, and I suggest that you treat us to a first-rate cricket match."

I went back into Scarborough with a thousand ideas careering through my rather bewildered mind, since the King had more or less commanded me to organise a burlesque cricket match on the sawdust. What was I to do? I must put up a good show and persuade

my fellow-clowns in the ring to do the same. I had a very anxious hour.

Then suddenly I had an inspiration. It was all a matter of whiskers and beard. Dr. Grace had a most liberal supply of hair on his face, and his beard was famous all over the country. I decided to make up as Dr. Grace.

As soon as I reached the circus I dived into the property baskets and soon produced a marvellous black beard. I hastily gathered the other clowns round and they entered into the spirit of the thing. In a matter of twenty minutes each one had transformed himself into a famous cricketer of the day.

But that was not all. We must have a bat and ball. The carpenter was called on and, working in the way people used to work in the 'nineties, he produced a bat and ball almost before you could turn round.

The bat was an enormous affair. I think he must have torn half of the side of a caravan in order to make it. However, it was one of those comfortable, very broad bats, the kind to break any bowler's heart, and to ensure a century every time the batsman went to the wicket. The ball was just as accommodating—it was a round mass of worsted.

WE had to think out some kind of "business," and it meant quick thinking, for there was scarcely an hour left before the King and his party would arrive, and we should either amuse or get the "bird."

A few minutes after nine King Edward and the late Queen Alexandra entered the royal box with a party of about fifteen friends. Prominent among them was the black-bearded figure of Dr. Grace, who sat in a corner at the front of the box.

Enter the clowns! But what clowns!

Not the usual red-nosed, rather dazed variety, but upstanding fellows, not only looking like cricketers but ready to show that they were more than average cricketers.

I took my stand on the sawdust pitch and made great fun by exaggerated niceties as to centre and the field. I looked up and saw the King laughing heartily and that gave me courage.

The bowler sent down a " Yorker." I went for it and gave it a terrific hit. The house rose at me.

I wondered what it was all about, for I had not the least idea in which direction the ball had travelled. I had hoped it had sailed towards the gallery.

But no. It sailed across the ring, straight for the royal box, and Dr. Grace's hand shot up, as to the manner born, and caught it.

There was a terrific cry of "How's that!"

And when that amazing cricket match—and my greatest hour—came to an end the King sent for me and asked: "How long have you and Dr. Grace been practising that trick?"

I had to explain that it was an unrehearsed incident, and was just pure luck. The King looked at me and gave a long, slow wink!

And I happen to know that he never really believed that Dr. Grace had known nothing of the plot to put on a burlesque cricket match.

SIDE-SLIPS

Send actual cuttings. 2/6 is paid for each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"It was regrettable that the enthusiasm of those present was quite remarkable."

BURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Masses of Michaelmas dairies."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The hole was 129 yards from the tea."

FORWARD:—"A very large number of telephone lines are installed and a big stag is employed."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Severe confusion developed, associated with swelling of the left cheek."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"After a stormy meeting lasting an hour and three-quarters."

HAWICK EXPRESS:—"Immediately after the opening crows flocked into the hall."

SUNDAY MERCURY:—"If UNSUCCESSFUL, the system will be extended to other starting gates of the course."

SKELBY TIMES:—"He was charged by his wife with FAILING to NEGLECT their five-year-old daughter."



George

The NEW BABY

A HAPPY, friendly little chap is three-year-old George, who is looking forward to the arrival of a baby brother he has named "Tommy" in advance.

His mother does not view the event in the same rosy light. On her husband's unemployment pay of 29s. 3d. a week she has not been able to put by anything for the coming of her fourth child, and her husband has been out of work so long that no maternity benefit can be looked for.

When George, his sister and brother, who are now aged nine and six, were born, they were welcomed with joy, for their dad was then in regular work as a bus conductor.

During his service at the front he contracted dysentery, and has since suffered from gastritis. Two years ago his condition was so bad that he had to give up his job.

He has just got over another attack, and not being able to afford the nourishing food he should be taking, his improvement is retarded.

After the rent of 10s. 5d. is paid, very little remains on which to clothe and feed two adults and three children. "The children are the main thing," said their sunny-natured mother, who is justly proud of them. "We see to them before we see to ourselves. From Wednesday until Friday my husband and I practically go without."

But an expectant mother should not be "going without." Neither should this "going without" family be living in a basement looking on to a blank wall.

"We should love to move higher up," said George's mother, wistfully.

Could if my husband got regular work. We ask is to be able to live decently.

This family's need is pretty desperate, and we much hope that our readers, out of the kindness of their hearts, will send help.

All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

"The
Greatest
of These"...

SLEEPLESSNESS often due to INDIGESTION.

Sleeplessness is more often due to digestive disturbance than to anything else. This is because indigestion is usually the result of stomach acidity which causes fermentation and irritates the stomach walls. So sensitive is your stomach lining that you may not feel actual pain, but the acid excites countless nerve centres and causes restless, nervous activity. To quell this internal disturbance just take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water. By instantly neutralising excess stomach acid and preventing fermentation, 'Bisurated' Magnesia removes the cause of indigestion and resulting insomnia; it also soothes the acid-inflamed stomach lining and thus makes sound, refreshing sleep possible. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder (plain or mint flavour) and in handy tablet form at 1s. 3d. a package. There is no better remedy for quickly banishing indigestion and consequent sleeplessness.

Stop that
cold with



Don't pay the price
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A cold may lead to influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis and even death, yet it is the most neglected of human ailments. A drop of Vapex on your handkerchief clears the breathing passages and kills the cold germs in the nose and throat.

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OR PREMATURELY
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SHARP or continuous pains in the small of your back point to kidney disorder. So do urinary disorders and getting up at nights. If there is also rheumatic pain, headaches, nervousness or dizzy attacks, don't waste precious time. Use Doans Backache Kidney Pills, the special kidney tonic that has been strengthening weak kidneys and overcoming rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and renal dropsy for over fifty years.

"Rid of Backache and Sciatica."

On 24th February, 1920, Mr. W. H. Barton, 30, Este Road, London, S.W.11, said:—"For several weeks I suffered with sciatica in both legs and pains in the small of my back and loins. If I stooped or sat down I had a job to get up again. I knew my kidneys were out of order, as the water contained sediment."

"Nothing did me any good until I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This medicine soon gave me relief, and I persevered with it until I was quite well."

On 3rd September, 1932, Mr. Barton said: "Doans Pills are good without doubt. The benefit I received is lasting."

(Signed) **W. H. BARTON.**

Of all Dealers
1/3, 3/-, 5/-



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"I caught a very bad chill which settled on my chest, leaving me with bad bronchial attacks. I was very distressed as the cough never seemed to quite reach the congestion. About three weeks ago I bought a trial bottle of Karsote. Without enlarging too much I can say the effect was magical. The mucus relieved from both nose and throat was astounding, and the relief from the cough was worth a hundred times the cost of the bottle."

R.H. Wanstead, E.11.

Karsote (Brand) Inhalant is obtainable from your usual chemist. Trial size 1/-; double the quantity 1/6; four times the quantity 2/6.

Young England is shouting to-day—"Remember the Guy!"

Let it stop doing so for a moment to remember a far greater gunpowder plot and those whose lives were maimed by it . . .

THEY are still sitting there. The company of Broken Warriors! Outside the building that used to be known as the Star and Garter Hotel, and given to them by a more or less grateful country.

To the right of them, as they sit there, the gates of Richmond Park: stretching away into the distance to the left and in front of them is London and all that London means to the Empire and the world.

Young men who were babies when earth and sky were being riven by shell fire race past on their motor-cycles with laughing, free-born girls on the pillion: they are going into the romance of the park to talk and dream of the future, to plan their castles in the air, to climb in fancy till they stand tip-toe on the mountain top, joying in their strength and courage and high ambition.

There are no chains to fetter their limbs, no wounds to stay them in their course, no memories to hold them in thrall. They hear only the call of Youth, the song of wind in reed and tree, the laughter of Hope, the music of Promise.

Still sensitive

The Warriors are listening, too. Their hearing is abnormally acute as they try to compose their shattered bodies in wheel-chairs, or limp slowly to and fro in the sunshine.

For many of them, the park, with all its grandeur of tranquillity, might as well be a million miles away. They are still listening for that nerve-shattering whistle and crash of shell: they are still on the alert to catch the boom of gong or bell and the horrific cry of "Gas! By God! Masks!"

Sitting and listening there! Watching life go by and not being able to step out and march with it. The life they might have lived if there had been no war to maim their bodies and blast their hopes.

They hear so much—too much! They hear the thoughtless gibes of irresponsible youths who think they play the wit to the women by their side or sitting behind them on the pillion.

Still there! "Swinging the lead!" "Having a good time at the expense of the country!"

Young man, I've overheard your brutal jests and caustic comments. And I've seen the expression in the eyes of the Warriors as you have flashed past. They haven't made reply, but they might have said: "Perhaps you would have been sitting here to-day, if we hadn't given all we had to give to save



Remember 1914-1918, Young Man!



by
ANDREW SOUTAR,
the Novelist

you from the horror." And there are thousands of brother warriors in other parts of the country—watching and listening and wondering—wondering if God is still in His heaven.

"We don't want talk about war," you say. No, but why should you expect these Warriors to do all the thinking? They are hoping that what they suffered will strengthen your resolution to fight with all your heart and soul against war or the danger of war being forced on any country.

And, young man, it isn't the pain of their maimed bodies that is hurting them most, to-day. It is the irony of circumstances that eats like corrosive acid into their very soul.

They sit there on sufferance: they are dependent on charity—for that is really what it amounts to. The war is over so far as you are concerned: the memory of it must remain with them until the last "Cease Fire!" is sounded.

They remember that although there was conscription of men in those dead, dark days, there was no conscription of wealth.

They were asked to give their life: "Your King and country need you."

To-day, they see even naturalised aliens who made fortunes out of the war sweep past them with all the arrogance of quickly-acquired wealth.

Do you suppose this means nothing?

Life passes him by: around him always are reminders of the hell-years of war. Don't make his lot any more grievous, young man!

ing to them? Do you think they are so injured to pain and insult that your paltry, silly gibes don't matter? Could you calmly contemplate giving up all that you hold dear now and going through the hell that they braved?

They were young, then, even as you. They were not made of meaner clay. They had ambition, even as you: they thought of To-morrow as another step they must climb towards the stars so that they might compel the homage of civilisation.

And they loved, even as you. There was a woman in their life, even as there is in yours. There was a dream, perhaps, of children to follow after them.

There was the love of a garden filled with care and pride. There was gratitude for the physical strength that took them over the hills and over the meadows and through the woods—strength that made them giants on the running track, in the field of sport, in the waters they swam.

Be a sport!

And, to-day, they are still sitting there (and all over the country).

They hear and read of the injunction, "Love thine enemy": they are not averse. They realise that all they fought for has not been attained.

They are conscious of all the injustices that are inseparable from life—the moneyed men who batten on war, the knavery of politicians who have enriched themselves by commercialising their position. They have seen their early dreams of a life well lived dissipated like a mist before a wind. They have seen the work they gave their youth to—broken.

They strain their ears to catch one word of sympathy, and they hear . . . a gibe!

Come, young man! Show the world that you're as big as these game fellows were when they put self aside in 1914 and took their chance against tremendous odds so that you might have a free and open road to that goal on which you have set your heart.

Sitting there! Watching life go by! The life they cannot share!

Armless, legless men! Shell-shocked men still listening and waiting for the crash of shell or the ghastly machine-gun. Going through hell, day after day, even when the sun shines in the heavens and romance dwells in the park.

Boy! Be a sport! Don't jeer when you pass those uncomplaining Warriors of Richmond Hill.

Take off your hat and bow!

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A Full-Size Easy Chair for 5/- down!
Fill in the Coupon in the Berkeley advt. on p. 27 for free illustrated Catalogue, Patterns, etc.

I WANTED TO HIDE MY FACE

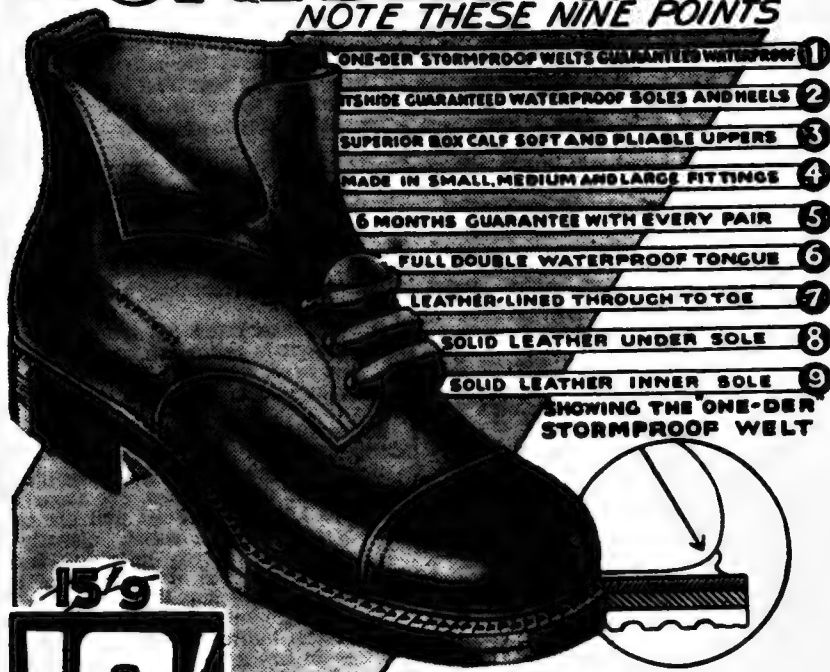


"The first time I met the man who is now my husband I felt like covering my face so he could not see my complexion. Then I had a greasy, sallow skin, enlarged pores, and even wrinkles beginning to show, though I was only 33. At that moment I made up my mind that I would get rid of these ugly blemishes if it was humanly possible. I had often read about Crème Tokalon Skinfood, but somehow I had never used it. I wish I had known sooner! I know there are scientific reasons why Crème Tokalon does such miraculous things for the skin, but the thing that is more important to me is that after I had used it only a month, I lost all trace of the dead colour and wrinkles that used to make me look old. My husband won't admit it now, but I know he would never have looked at me if I hadn't deliberately made him, by making my complexion irresistible. If there are other women who have put off using Crème Tokalon Skinfood as I did, I wish I could make them start to-day!"

NOTE: What she did, any woman can do. Use Crème Tokalon Rose Colour Skinfood at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

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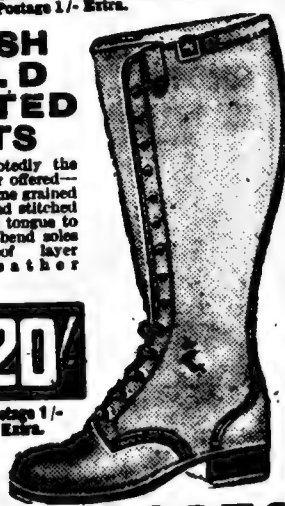
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R.R. 70. Undoubtedly the greatest value ever offered—Black or Tan Chrome grained uppers, screwed and stitched to heel, watertight tongue to top, solid leather bend soles with water-proof layer between all-leather whole lift heels. Thin and heel plates. Ideal for sportsmen, motorists, land workers, etc. Worth Double. In all sizes. 5 to 10. (Size 11, 1/- extra; 12 & 13, 5/- extra.)



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250 PAIRS ONLY. R.R. 222 IN BLACK OR TAN. With uppers of solid 1-inch Beva Leather, which is yet as soft and pliable as a glove, and three through finest English butt bend soles, thoroughly waterproofed, this boot will retain its shape and sterling qualities through a very long period of really hard wear under the worst conditions. It is absolutely waterproof and will keep the feet dry and warm in any weather.

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for Farmers, Gamekeepers, Sportsmen and others whose activities necessitate constant walking under the severest wintry conditions. Usually 30/-. Reduced to 18/- per pair. Postage 1/- extra.

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OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

I had suffered from Rheumatoid Arthritis for several years!

Dalston,
London, E.8.

"I had suffered from Rheumatoid Arthritis for several years, and I had not been able to bend my knees for a long time. I lost all hope and resigned myself to continual suffering for the rest of my life. I then decided to give 'Curicones' a trial, and I have had such relief from the agony that I can get about and bend my knees again, and at night sleep a refreshing sleep. In gratitude for the wonderful relief.
(Mrs.) A. O'Brien."

(The original of this letter may be seen at our offices.)

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You can enjoy the wonderful recovery that brought happiness to Mrs. O'Brien. If you suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, arthritis, gout, neuritis or sciatica, CURICONES will free you from pain by dissolving the acid crystals which are the cause of the agony and expelling the poisons from the system. Remember, 1,600 doctors prescribe CURICONES.

FREE TRIAL. This coupon is worth a new life to you, for it may mean freedom from pain. Post it now—it costs you nothing!

To Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd.,
Mfg. Chemists and Druggists (Dept. J.B.S.),
19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
Please send FREE and POST PAID a
Trial Supply of Curicones, with Booklet.

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FOR GROWING CHILDREN IT MUST BE

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

IN JARS
2/9
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12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Harrogate Laboratories,
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Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing. (Use block letters.)

Name.....
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J.B.19.....

IN "John Bull" last week one of "The Other Pit Heroes" described the hazardous job of the men who sink the shafts in our mines. Here Councillor Tom Brown, the secretary of the West Leigh Branch of the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation, tells of the perilous lives of the men who go down the shafts to get the coal.

HE has to be up at five, or even earlier, according to the distance he lives from the mine.

After a hasty breakfast he gets off to work with his "jack-bit" (food) and a can of tea.

He goes first to the lamp room, where he deposits his lamp check or tally, drawing a lamp with a corresponding number in return, for in this way a record is kept of the number of men actually working below ground.

Having examined his lamp to make sure that it is gas proof, he proceeds to the pit bank to await his turn to descend, and then he steps into the pit cage.

From that moment the miner is in danger.

Some of the shafts he descends in Lancashire, for instance, are from 600 yards to 1,000 yards deep, and the cage travels at a terrific speed. Usually it may approach twenty miles an hour, and the velocity at the middle of the shaft is probably double this.

The change from daylight to darkness is dramatic in its suddenness. The air presses on the drums of the ears; there is a catch in the breath; a feeling that the stomach has been left on the surface; a sensation of utter helplessness when the bottom of the shaft is approached.

Two examiners search the miner's pocket as he steps from the cage—for pipes, cigarettes or matches are forbidden. Chewing tobacco only is allowed. Should he refuse to be searched he is liable to prosecution.

This examination over, he proceeds a little way along the pit bottom to the fireman or deputy. A further and final examination of his lamp now takes place and his time is booked. Then he resumes his journey to the coal face.

Having travelled through dust and darkness, under broken bars and overhanging sides, the end of the journey brings him to the coal face.

He now strips to the waist, and, with lamp in hand, pick, spade, hammer and saw, proceeds to the actual working place.

Hidden dangers

If a careful miner, he makes an inspection of his working place, notwithstanding the fact that the Coal Mines Act states that each working place should be examined by the fireman or deputy not exceeding two hours immediately before the commencement of work in a shift.

Yet, with all the precautions taken, he is ever surrounded by seen and unseen dangers. At the coal face we find the miner clad only in a light pair of calico drawers, stockings and clogs, working away with pick and shovel.

He must work in difficult, crouching positions. In many seams a great portion of his work is done on his shoulder, especially in those seams where holing and blasting have to be done in order to get the coal.

At many of the collieries in Lancashire the miner has to pay for the explosives he uses to blow down the coal at the rate of 10d. per lb. for powder and 1½d. for every detonator, the cost of which totals up to a very considerable item every week. It may average between 1s. and 1s. 6d. per day.

During the holing process, or the getting of coal, the miner has to be constantly on the watch, for the roof may be bad, sly and dangerous, and he is frequently interrupted in his work to make himself safe and also his helper by extra propping and spragging.

The water may come out of the floor, or sometimes it may come from the roof, drip, drip, on to the back of the miner,



"He is ever surrounded by seen and unseen dangers, working, crouched, in difficult positions"

ALL in a MINER'S Day

by Councillor
TOM BROWN

and the dripping of the water, plus the perspiration created by the vigorous and laborious work he does, makes the conditions in these places almost unbearable for any length of time.

At 10.40 a.m., the recognised "jack-bit" time, he and his fellows leave the coal face and proceed to a place selected down the drawing road.

They sit down and eat their simple fare. There is no washing of hands or brushing of hair. They eat their bread and cheese or bacon and the grime and dust together.

Underground debate

The Coal Mines Act permits only twenty minutes for this underground repast.

In many districts a sturdy miner says grace. The meal is all over in ten or fifteen minutes, the remaining time being spent in a little discussion, debate or gossip.

This may be a little intensified when Parliamentary or municipal elections are in progress, for the miner is a keen political student and often puts awkward questions to the candidates.

I must not leave this little reference to meal-time without mentioning the mice, for, as a rule, in warm mines, they assemble, ready to pick up the few crumbs which may be going.

Back at the coal face, the miner proceeds to start the second half of the shift, working away, getting coal, propping and helping his drawer or trammer, and this continues until 1.30 to 2 o'clock.

Through dust and darkness, over hanging sides and broken bars, he finally arrives at the pit bottom.

Swiftly the cage is drawn to the surface, into the sunshine, given by the hand of God for the benefit of men—but not always enjoyed by them, for the best part of the day the miner is down in the bowels of the earth.

He returns his lamp to the lamp room, is given his check, and then proceeds on his homeward journey, tired, exhausted and limb weary, due to work-

SECRETS OUT!

Many film stars employ personal bodyguards—most of them ex-pugilists. Marlene Dietrich has the largest "police force" in the colony. She employs a bodyguard of twelve!

Many out-of-the-way, yet none the less interesting, sidelights on Hollywood would never come to light if it were not for *The Picturegoer*—Britain's Brightest Film Weekly. See page 4 for further particulars.

ing at great intensity and in high temperatures, from 80 to 90 degrees, inhaling a dust-laden atmosphere void of the oxygen required to keep the body fit.

Despite the wretched housing conditions in almost every mining area in this country, the miner's home is sweet and clean.

He slips off his pit rags, as they are called, dons his night clothing, washes his hands, and then partakes of his dinner. After that he might get a short nap before getting up again for tea and a smoke. Then a meeting at church or chapel, club or pub; or, once a week, a visit to the pictures.

Returning home at 9.30 to 10.30 p.m., he has supper, and goes to bed, to sleep the sleep of the just, having risked his life to give to the world and humanity a commodity which is so essential to its commercial and industrial welfare.

On the morrow he will face death again.

There are 517 accidents every day, entailing seven days' incapacity, or one every three minutes of the working day.

And that is not all. There is the heartbreaking fact that every working day four miners are killed.

Permanent battlefield

But the public outside the mining areas is stirred by these facts only when a violent colliery explosion takes place and some hundreds of our comrades are hurled into eternity.

It is then that a great wave of public sympathy sweeps the country from one end to the other.

When such disasters occur, it is no uncommon thing to find four or five, and even six, dead men laid out in the same house.

Father, four sons and son-in-law—six of them—who all left the house hale and hearty in the morning, brought back in the evening charred corpses, and no one left in the house but daughter, two widows, the mother and daughter.

In the mining industry, the casualties are more like those of a battlefield than anything else. The only difference between the soldier and the miner is that the miner can never ask for an armistice. He cannot even treat for terms of surrender. The casualties go on every day.

Great Campaign Against ASTHMA Bronchitis and other Lung Troubles

The amount of suffering, enormous number of deaths annually and time lost from work owing to these troubles is appalling and amounts to a national danger, so great, that an Asthma Research Council has been appointed and is investigating the whole subject. Many sufferers get depressed, lose heart, despair, fail to adopt the very treatment that would give them immediate relief, their power of resistance is weakened and their trouble becomes chronic. There's no need to despair. Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate relief even in the worst cases. Prove this to-day by accepting the offer of a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes.

A STRIKING TESTIMONY

Mr. W. K., Loughborough, writes: "I tried Potter's Asthma Cure and it acted like magic. I had the best night for months—in fact I feel a new man. I am nearly 74 and have suffered from Asthma for quite 56 years."

**POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE**

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet, "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name.....

Address.....

"John Bull."

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS



"Potter's Asthma Cure is the only thing that keeps me alive."

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

FREE Kappa

This Flacon Of
Captivating

The New Perfume
EXOTIC AND
MYSTERIOUS



Who can explain the mysterious magic of Kappa the new secret perfume? How it exerts its wonderfully magnetic charm—the strange compelling influence of its exotic fragrance, intoxicating to the senses, and exhaling the spirit of life, love and volupté.

Read below how you can obtain a handsome flacon Absolutely FREE.

Amazing New Face Powder Formula

Scientific research has revealed a new face powder ingredient called Mousse of Cream. It makes powder stay on all day even in windy and rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration. Mousse of Cream is the wonderful ingredient which makes Poudre Tokalon so entirely different. Poudre Tokalon gives marvellous complexions of fresh, youthful beauty unobtainable with ordinary face powders.

VALUABLE FREE COUPON Good for 3 Days Only

Take this Gift Coupon to any Chemist to-day. Buy a 1/- box of Poudre Tokalon. With it you will be given Absolutely FREE a handsome flacon of the mysterious KAPPA Perfume described above.

GET YOUR KAPPA FREE TO-DAY

THE FAMOUS "KING'S ENGLISH"

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ANOTHER
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JULY 1932.

FOR 1d. A DAY!
INTRODUCTION by the Rev. Dr. C. A. ALINGTON,
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thousands; it will
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Essential for
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COMPETITIONS

THIS DICTIONARY IS VALUABLE TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE HOME.
NUMEROUS WINNERS OF MONEY PRIZES.

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POST
NOW.

To BRITISH BOOKS, LTD., 35, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Please send to me "THE KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) on approval for 5 days' FREE Examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or, if I desire to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2s. 6d. and twelve further monthly payments of 2s. 6d. to complete the price of 32s. 6d. (or Cash Price 32s.).

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
DATE..... J.B.277.



THE
BEST



"Because it's cold,
Ma makes a fuss
"With scarves she
nearly smothers us.
"Get on with you,"
says Uncle Gus,
"Go—suck a ZUBE!"

Zubes take the chill out of the air—
prevent it harming kiddies' throats and
chests. Give them some to suck at school.
They're pure... warming... inexpensive.

ZUBES
2 1/2d. or in Airtight Tins, 3d. 6d.
Bought in L.P.S.

CORNS

QUICKLY
GONE
FOR
GOOD!



Medicated DISK loosens corn. Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure. Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/6.

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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FOR
COUGHS...

COLDS...

BRONCHITIS

LUNG

HEALERS

They assist the lungs
to throw off all
irritating matter and
to regain health
and vigour.

A COPY OF FENNINGS'
"EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK"
AND OF "EVERYBODY'S
DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT
POST FREE ON APPLI-
CATION TO:
ALFRED FENNINGS, Gower, I.W.

SOLD IN BOXES AT 1/3 & 3/-

REAL RELIEF FROM RHEUMATISM.

Are you one of those people who suffer from rheumatism? Then read what this Camberwell lady writes. "About ten or eleven years ago," she writes, "my father and mother were both very poorly with rheumatism. I at once put 'Thermogene' where their pain was. The relief was such that they have never been without it, and every winter they renew it as a preventative."

Place a layer just where the pain is—you'll feel the benefit of its pain-relieving essences almost at once. And how much simpler it is to treat yourself with this clean, soft, fleecy wadding than with messy poultices and sticky embrocations. You can wear it day and night. It will never show beneath your clothes—or stain them. A box of "Thermogene" brand of Medicated Wadding costs 1/3 or triple quantity 3/- in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. If you're wise you'll not lose a day before you prove what it can do for you.

WHY ARE BOLENIUM Overalls so cheap?



Because of the special wear-resisting greasproof material, stronger where the strain comes; all seams double sewn with 16 foot thread; buttons detachable for washing; and the new patented Non-Slip Brass Buckle—because of these features Bolenium Overalls are cheaper in the long run and smarter and more comfortable all the time. Ask your outfitter or write direct to:

6/6

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1)
Upton Park, London, E.12.

BOLENIUM
(Pronounced BO-LENI-UM)

Super-Overalls
Worn by the man who knows

NEVER LET YOU DOWN!

YOUR LIVER RULES YOUR HEALTH

The liver is the largest organ in the human body. In a healthy state, the liver manufactures bile to digest your food and to remove poisonous waste from the system. Bile is Nature's own perfect laxative.

When the liver is upset, the complexion assumes a yellowish tinge, the eyes become dull, tongue is coated, and often there is a pain and tightness near the shoulder blades, anaemia, chronic constipation, or jaundice.

For over 30 years Bile Beans have been recognised as the world's greatest liver specific. Their success is due to the presence of a valuable liver stimulant which helps to restore the liver's functions and regulate the supply of bile in the intestines. Bile Beans put the liver right and are excellent for LIVER CHILL so prevalent at this season.

Take Bile Beans last thing at night and you will be surprised at your all-round improvement. You will once more relish your food. Indigestion and wind will not recur. Your blood becomes purified and enriched, pain and discomfort disappear, you begin to sleep well, and your energy and spirits are raised.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans do not gripe, and suit old and young, the weak and strong. Make Bile Beans your family medicine and know the joy of buoyant health. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wanted— a "MUG" Partner

"Capital required, £300. Guaranteed lost in a week. Details at interview."

THE advertisement, of course, is not as above. It is usually a most attractive advertisement. Books are open to inspection; money under own control; £10 a week return assured, and so on.

Ten pounds a week for an investment of £300. Think of it! With employment, too. What a rare chance in these difficult times for those with a little nest-egg of savings tucked away somewhere. It sounds almost too good to be true.

It is—let me tell you. I was just such a "mug"—a victim of the ramp carried on by a gang of crook bookmakers, who go merrily on making their tens of thousands a year out of a succession of "mugs" like myself.

This is no indictment of the bookmaker fraternity. There are "duds" in all trades and professions. I am talking of gentlemen who cannot make an honest living on the course or the dog-track, and who wax fat by trickery.

The "mug" is carefully selected from among thousands of applicants. Among these thousands are many men of keen business acumen; men who would not easily be "taken in" by our bookie Good Samaritan. These applications go straight into the wastepaper basket.

Some innocent newly returned from planting tea in India, or some "axed" officer of the Forces—someone unacquainted with "business" methods—is chosen as the dupe.

This Simple Simon meets his benefactor, a charming gentleman with a ready smile and eyes that look with disingenuous frankness at the caller. The "bookmaker" explains that his business is growing. It is difficult to get an honest clerk, or he would not dream of halving his steady profits with a partner.

There is a quick inspection of books. Yes, a steady weekly profit is shown over the last few months.

The "mug" bites. He must not miss this chance. Amid much mutual patting of backs and handshakes he hands over his £300. The "bookmaker" adds his own contribution. All square and above board. It goes into a mutual banking account.

Thereafter, for a few days, or a week, the "mug" sits in the office and takes the bets. With great glee he totals up a steady profit at the end of each day.

Then the fun begins. The "bookmaker" casually drops his first brick.

"I hope you'll have a bit of luck at this, old man," he says lugubriously. "I've known what it is to drop five or six hundred in one day."

The "mug" blinks. "Well, work it out," laughs the senior partner. "Take a five-quad double at 20 to 1 and 5 to 1. That's five hundred, ain't it?"

"Not if you lay off," the "mug" observes. He is not such a "mug" that he has not arranged about "laying off." He has been given a telephone number. That "number" will take any bet up to a hundred pounds. That the "number" is merely another member of the same gang he learns only later.

"Ah, but you can't always lay off," the chief remarks. "What about the time-stamped bets we get?"

"Oh, I'm not taking that risk," says the new partner flatly.

"All right, lad." The bookmaker smiles philosophically. Dodge No. 1



In a frenzy of impatience the "mug" waits for the number he'll never get—he doesn't know that it's just "Dodge No. 4"

by a Crook Bookie's VICTIM

won't work with this fellow. Never mind, there are twenty more dodes.

Dodge No. 2 works—next day. Several bets win at very long odds. There are long faces. The firm has lost a hundred pounds. The "bookmaker" sends his new partner out of the office to buy the newspaper containing the results of the last race, and as soon as his dupe's back is turned reaches for the office clock and puts it on the seven or eight minutes he had earlier put it back.

The long-odds outsider bets were telephoned through by an accomplice actually after the winners were known. The firm has lost money, but the bogus bookie has lost it to himself! Only the mug's money has transferred—to the gang's pockets. Simple, isn't it?

There are mutual commiserations. Another man wanders the streets, his nest-egg gone in a mere week or two. The crook-bookie has gained in a week as much as it would take him a couple of months of hard work to make on a course or a track.

Dodge No. 3 is a sign from an accomplice across the street to inform the crook which horse has won. The new "partner's" nose is deep in the ledger; betting slips litter the table. It

Race with "Silver Ring"

"FLAT" FINALS

WINNERS have been hard to find these last few weeks and the last Newmarket meeting gave some bitter surprises.

It is safe to say that the bookmakers will regard a pullover as an essential article of wearing apparel in the future, and it is equally safe to assert that Lord Glanely and Steve Donoghue will not wear one next their hearts!

There are now only three races of any importance to be decided—the Liverpool Autumn Cup on November 11, the Derby Cup seven days later, and the Manchester November Handicap on November 26.

Hurst Park and Thirsk are the venues for racing this week-end. Make a note of Dark Island at the Yorkshire meeting. For the Saturday "double" I select Codicil and the Miss Maud filly at Hurst.

"SILVER RINGS" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 3, to Wednesday, November 9.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F

S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

is a simple matter to produce another, ready prepared, from a pocket, and drop it quietly among the others. Result, another astonishing loss.

Dodge No. 4 is perhaps the most spectacular. It is reserved for those "mugs" who grow suspicious, and whom it is desirable to get rid of as soon as possible. Dodge No. 4 is very simple, like all of them, but most efficacious.

The "bookmaker" is away for the afternoon. The new "partner" has sole charge of the office. A double bet is telephoned through for the maximum amount. A newspaper hurriedly consulted between races announces that horse No. 1 has won his race.

The "mug" dashes back to the office and seizes the telephone receiver. There is fifteen minutes in which to lay off. He calls the mysterious number.

"Ring-ring, ring-ring..." for a long while.

"Sorry, I can't get them," says Exchange.

"Oh, but you must!" shouts our "mug," filled with baleful visions of losing five hundred pounds on the one bet. Exchange tries again. No reply. The mug looks anxiously at the clock. Would there be time to get there by taxi? There would not.

The new bets will be 'phoned through in a few minutes now. He must be in the office to receive them. Heaven knows what fantastic doubles they may contain. He tries to get the number again and again, in vain.

Meanwhile two men in a distant room sit chuckling at a telephone that rings persistently. One is our crook bookmaker.

"I shoved in a new advertisement this morning," he announces. "If Whistling Rufus wins, this cover's through."

The other man nods. "Whistling Rufus'll win. I got that straight from old George. It was the first horse I was doubtful about."

Our "mug" awaits in nervous apprehension the result of the race. Whistling Rufus has won. He has lost the firm's capital on one bet.

The "senior partner" arrives full of good-fellowship, but his face lengthens as he hears the "mug's" story. He snatches up the telephone. At once he is through to his layer-off.

"You been there all the time, ain't you?" Snorts of indignation. "Well, he says he tried six times and couldn't get you!" A sudden lull. "Here, have you got the right number?"

The "mug" reads out the number given him. One digit in that number is wrong. There is the inevitable row. But it is worth having a row, sometimes, for a few hundred pounds!

There is no paucity of double bets under Dodge No. 4, for the crook bookie wins either way. He sprinkles the bogus bets with lots of doubles.

There is a waiting list of "mugs." The poor victim knows full well that he has been swindled, but the nature of the business is such that there is never a scrap of evidence of fraud to take to the police.

What a wonderful field for the crook!



This illustration demonstrates the principles of Dr. Weidner's great scientific discovery. The active ingredients are extracted from purified human hair. These extracts are then fixed in a stable solution which, when applied to the scalp, stimulates the hair-forming tissues into vigorous activity.

The results obtained with Silvikrin have won a world-wide reputation for Dr. Weidner's discovery.

The process of extracting these organic elements from human hair is fully protected by patents.

Silvikrin

Nourishes the scalp,
Removes dandruff,
Beautifies the hair,
Promotes hair growth.

NORMAL healthy hair grows a fraction of an inch per day, and as there are from 75,000 to 100,000 hairs on a human head, their total growth in four years amounts to a length sufficient to surround London, including all its suburbs.

Consider the enormous activity stored in your scalp, or rather in the hair-forming cells, which daily nourishes the hair produced.

If only a gifted scientist could succeed in tapping this enormous reservoir of energy present in the hair, and use it for strengthening the growth of the hair as the power of waterfalls is used in mountainous countries to generate electricity! What a boon this would be to all suffering from dandruff and scurf (the first signs of disorder in the hair-producing tissues), for all those with falling hair and the middle-aged whose thin and defective hair growth threatens them with partial or complete baldness.

This splendid vision has become an accomplished fact through the achievement of Dr. Weidner, the celebrated biologist. After many years of exhaustive experiments he has discovered the method



**Water has a
damaging
effect. The
roots of the
hair require
nourish-
ment.**

of transfusing the energy in the human hair into the enfeebled or exhausted tissues of the scalp. By the use of his solution, called Silvikrin, the roots and hair-producing tissues are stimulated to fulfil their function of producing hair.

Silvikrin

goes to the root of hair trouble



The Mystery of Natural Hair Growth discovered!

**Nine people out of ten
allow their hair to fall out**

millions from baldness. What it has done for so many others it can do for you.

As it is impossible to publish all details of this wonderful discovery in this preliminary announcement, a descriptive booklet has been prepared, a copy of which you may possess for the asking.

Free Trial Offer

The Booklet contains not only a detailed description of Dr. Weidner's discovery, but also much sound advice on how to retain healthy, beautiful hair, how to treat hair and scalp to ensure normal growth and keep the scalp in healthy productive condition. The booklet is sold at 1/-, but is offered free to readers of *John Bull*, sending the coupon below. In addition, we will send you a sample shampoo which contains the pure Silvikrin, to enable you to test it for yourself.

Send no money or stamps

We offer you this booklet and sample absolutely free and post free on receipt of the coupon below. Do not put aside this paper. Cut out the coupon and send it at once, in case you forget it. It is in your own interest to do so now.



COUPON

Silvikrin Laboratories,
145, Sydney Road, King's Parade,
London, N.10.

As a reader of *John Bull* please send me free and post free, without any obligation on my part:—

1. The Booklet "Your Hair."
2. A sample shampoo which contains the pure Silvikrin.
3. Opinions of the Medical Profession.

Name.....

Address.....

Please write in block letters and post in unsealed envelope with 4d. stamp.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT



What I Owe to my Parents

Back Again

I had just reached the age of foolish youth, twenty-one, and I left home against my parents' wishes, almost breaking their hearts.

I went to London to the proverbial "pavements of gold," and succeeded in making a terrible fool of myself. Within a month I was destitute.

But my parents sent for me to return home, to the home which I shall never again leave, for I owe to my parents the greatest debt of all—that of gratitude. —Mabel, Birchgrove.

No Funking

I thank my parents most that they did not make my path too smooth.

I was taught to realise the importance of "facing up" to unpleasant situations and never to turn aside.

Now, in middle age, when life is far from being a bed of roses, I feel I have more chance of pulling through than if I had been more softly nurtured. —Mrs. J., Bournemouth.

Not a Murmur

The sacrifice they made enabled me to accept the headship of an elementary school at the age of twenty-three.

My father earned only the wages of a gardener, and there were six children. It all began by my winning a scholarship.

Through long years of training not one murmur of reproach or regret escaped their lips.

For months my father was ill. Did my college friends realise that mother pawned things sometimes to send the money I needed? But now I can repay them. —Leo, Sussex.

Pension Premium

I hold my present position as assistant-surveyor to the personal sacrifices of my parents.

My father commuted a war-disability pension of 18s. 6d. per week for life for £550, out of which he paid £400 premium and had me articulated, and during my training kept me, as I received no wages for the first three years.

The efforts of my parents are all the more praiseworthy as dad's earnings were considerably reduced by his war wounds. —Surveyor, St. Helens.

That temper, intolerance and cheating are mental diseases we can easily cure, but which, if neglected, will poison the respect and love of fellow men and women. —Mrs. Jennings, Surrey.

More kicks than ha'pence, and my spirit almost crushed. —S. R., Lowestoft.

To be careful and thrifty, but never on any account to be mean in money matters. —B. Norman, Dorchester.

A knowledge of the heights to which human nature can reach when inspired by the gospel of faith, hope and love. —N. Bell, Clydebank.

Had it not been for my mother's constant care in taking me to hospital every week for twelve years I should undoubtedly have been a hopeless cripple. —D. L., Shiregreen.

My Best Friend

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, November 8.

was that of tolerance for the views of others adds to a debt of gratitude to my splendid parents. —E. Kondall, Hull.

Mother's Joy

To my father I owe nothing; he deserted me when I was a baby.

To my mother I owe everything I am to-day. She worked and gave me a good education, helped to maintain me during my probationer days in hospital when pay was small, and enabled me to attain my great ambition to be a trained nurse.

When I passed my final examination, no mother's joy could have been greater, and I am proud to think her efforts have not been in vain. —Nurse J., Birmingham.

Hard Lesson

Twenty years ago, four half-starved, terror-stricken kiddies lay half frozen on a so-called bed, dreading the hour of ten o'clock, when there would be bleeding heads and broken pots after father and mother had come home drunk.

One of those kiddies was myself, and to-day, with less than half the wage, my father had, I find myself gazing on my own plump-cheeked son lying snugly among the blankets in his cot.

I realise that I've got my parents to thank for teaching me the results of a drunkards' home. —N. C., Durham.

"Supreme"

My father made the "supreme sacrifice," leaving mother with five children under the age of twelve and one yet unborn.

One may imagine the ensuing years of toil and suffering. Our small income was spent with strictest economy, and how mother managed is beyond my comprehension.

Yet, to-day I am in the Civil Service, my three brothers are in partnership in their own business, one sister teaches, and the other is a qualified physician.

Can the word "supreme" fully describe the sacrifices my mother made for her children? I think not! —K. B., Allerton.

Exploited

I owe little to my parents except a prematurely worn-out body. The owner of a small business, my father apprenticed me to it, and he and my mother declared that it was my "duty" to assist him in his money-making proclivities.

And in this he exploited my body brutally. Victorian in their outlook, even a small pleasure was a sin—only work was righteous.

It was also dinned into me that the customer was always right, until I became almost an automaton. No wonder I mourned their passing but little. —Fifty-three, Fife.

Clean Speech

They taught me to walk, and once walking how to keep on the straight path.

They taught me to speak and to keep a clean tongue.

They made me ambitious and helped me to fulfil my ambitions.

They showed love and courage, which naturally demanded the best in return; but greater than all things, they taught me how to play the game. —Grateful Seventeen, Gorseton.

What I Am

Without my parents I could not be. Because they were what they were, I am what I am. They two became as one, and I am the fruit, and "by their fruit you shall know them."

I am the symbol of their unity. I am more—I am their unity. That which I am is them, and their union is me.

My existence I owe to my parents, and my appreciation of existence is theirs. Surely, all other debts are secondary to this. —Filio, Blackburn.

Precious Knowledge

I'm only sixteen, but I would like to write on this subject because my debt to parents is indeed great.

To read and love good literature, to handle with reverence the works of the masters, that was a lesson well worth learning.

The appreciation of a good book will remain with me always as a memorial to a father who instilled that precious knowledge into a youthful mind.

A gentle mother whose valuable lesson

OUR EXPERT'S FORECASTS

Football Selections for November 5

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) Liverpool v. Leeds.
- (2) Wolves v. ARSENAL.
- (3) ASTON VILLA v. Blackpool.
- (4) BOLTON v. Blackburn.
- (5) CHELSEA v. Birmingham.
- (6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Sunderland.
- (7) Leicester v. Wednesday.
- (8) Middlesbrough v. DERBY.
- (9) NEWCASTLE v. Everton.
- (10) PORTSMOUTH v. W.B. Albion.
- (11) SHEFFIELD U. v. Manchester C.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) FOREST v. Chesterfield.
- (2) BRADFORD v. West Ham.
- (3) Charlton v. BRADFORD C.
- (4) HCTSPUR v. Port Vale.
- (5) Burnley v. Lincoln.
- (6) GRIMSBY v. Millwall.
- (7) Manchester U. v. Notts.
- (8) OLDHAM v. Southampton.
- (9) PLYMOUTH v. Fulham.
- (10) PRESTON v. Bury.
- (11) STOKE v. Swansea.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) C. PALACE v. Coventry.
- (2) READING v. Luton.
- (3) WATFORD v. Torquay.
- (4) ALDERSHOT v. Orient.
- (5) BRIGHTON v. Boscumbe.
- (6) BRISTOL R. v. Swindon.
- (7) Cardiff v. EXETER.
- (8) Gillingham v. BRENTFORD.
- (9) NORWICH v. Newport.
- (10) Q.P. RANGERS v. Northampton.
- (11) Southend v. Bristol C.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Rotherham v. Doncaster.
- (2) CARLISLE v. Tranmere.
- (3) York v. Wrexham.
- (4) ACCRINGTON v. Hull.
- (5) BARROW v. Halifax.
- (6) CHESTER v. Hartlepool.
- (7) CREWE v. Walsall.
- (8) MANSFIELD v. Darlington.
- (9) N. Brighton v. Barnsley.
- (10) Rochdale v. GATESHEAD.
- (11) SOUTHPORT v. Stockport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) Kilmarnock v. ABERDEEN.
- (2) HEARTS v. Hamilton.
- (3) Third Lanark v. St. Mirren.
- (4) Clyde v. RANGERS.
- (5) COWDENBEATH v. Airdrie.
- (6) E. Stirling v. Ayr.
- (7) Morton v. QUEEN'S PARK.
- (8) MOTHERWELL v. Dundee.
- (9) Partick v. CELTIC.
- (10) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Falkirk.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning. Division and number will be quoted as above, together with H for home and A for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I—3 (H); Div. II—1 (H); Southern Section—6 (H); Scottish League—8 (H) would indicate Aston Villa, Nottingham Forest, Bristol Rovers and Motherwell.



PAY AS YOU PLAY
We can offer the largest selection of Reconditioned Billiard Tables in the World.

EXAMPLES—PORTABLE TABLES & STANDS.

Table	Stand	Price
6 ft. Riley	...	£7 10 0
7 ft. Jells	...	£8 15 0
8 ft. Riley	...	£12 10 0

Each Table Complete with Accessories.

Billiard Dining Tables.

5 ft. Convertible	...	£18 10 0
5 ft. Challenge	...	£17 10 0
6 ft. CONVERTIBLE	...	£21 10 0
6 ft. OAK JELLS	...	£27 10 0

WE CAN SAVE YOU 50%.

AN EXCEPTIONAL } Portable Tables at a Bargain OFFER } Figures.

4' 6" x 2' 4"	4' 10" x 2' 7"	5' 4" x 2' 10"
£4 10 0	£5 0 0	£5 10 0

All fitted Slate Beds, usual type of Cloth and Rubber Cushion.

Three-quarter Size Tables.

8 ft. x 4 ft. By Burgess	...	£16 10 0
8 ft. x 4 ft. By RILEY	...	£19 0 0
9 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in. By B. & Watts	...	£27 10 0
9 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in. By Wright	...	£25 0 0
10 ft. x 5 ft. By PALMER	...	£30 0 0

Full Size Tables.

Suitable for Club	...	£30 0 0
By HENRIC	...	£35 0 0
By BURROUGHS & WATTS	...	£40 0 0
By THURSTON	...	£47 10 0

RECONDITIONED LIKE NEW.

The upkeep of a Billiards Table is practically nothing.

Write for Free and Post Paid Lists of Billiard Tables to—

W. JELKS & SONS

263/275 HOLLOWAY ROAD, N.7.

NORTH 4007 (5 Lines) OPEN ALL DAY SAT

FREE TIE

Wear YOUR Club Colours

Thousands of Football enthusiasts are giving their moral support to their favourites, through the generosity of the "Big Two," by wearing their Club Colours in the form of a beautiful MACCLESFIELD TIE, which is being given away FREE.

Give YOUR team every encouragement

TO WIN

THE ENGLISH CUP

or any other match.

Help them to feel at HOME, even when they are playing AWAY, by wearing your Club Colours.

A COMPLETE SERVICE RACING or FOOTBALL

Every class of Bet catered for

CUT HERE

Send four-colour folder offering FREE Football Ties.

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Address

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Post this Coupon now to

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

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RUGS GIVEN AWAY



On receipt of P.O. for 9/6 carriage 1/- extra, we will forward to you one of our "Prize" Rugs. These Rugs are made of the finest materials and are of the most beautiful designs. They are given away as a special offer to our customers. The Rugs are made of the finest materials and are of the most beautiful designs. They are given away as a special offer to our customers.

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN SALE 20/-



The Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public. Thousands of our Rugs have already been despatched to all parts of the world. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. Each rug is given away as a special offer to our customers. The Rugs are made of the finest materials and are of the most beautiful designs. They are given away as a special offer to our customers.

F. HODGSON & SONS (11) Woodley Rd., City of Leeds.

For Nourishment, Flavour and Economy

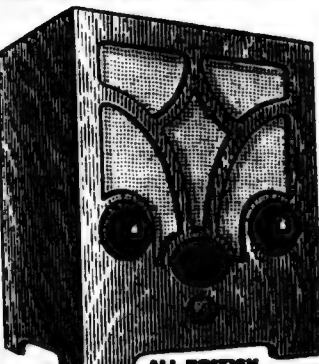
FOOD AND FRUIT



GRAVES 'ARIEL' 2-VALVE RADIO

Here is the most marvellous Radio Offer, and it could not have been made a moment sooner. This wonderful bargain brings Radio pleasures into every decent home in the land.

THE GRAVES 'ARIEL' Set is a triumph of quality and value. Self contained in one cabinet of lovely polished Oak. 15 1/2 x 13 1/2 x 10 in. every component of the highest class. All-Steel Chassis. Ferranti Transformer. Utility Condenser. Portin H.T. and L.T. Batteries. Latest type Mullard Valves. Made under Marconi Licence & designed to give the most natural and satisfactory reception of all B.B.C. programmes and Foreign Stations within its range. This is your finest chance to get such a completely perfect set on terms of payment which you can easily afford. Our full price, with Aerial Outfit, Carriage Paid, is only £4.10.0. DO NOT BE MISLED: there is no extra charge for easy terms of 6/- per month; 1/6 per week, paid monthly, makes you the satisfied owner of the 'Ariel' 2-Valve Set, and ensures you and your family thousands of hours of pleasure and instruction. THERE ARE NO SHAMS—This is a straightforward offer from a firm with 40 years' reputation for honourable dealing and a firm which gives you his personal assurance of full satisfaction. Mr. Graves gives you his personal assurance of full satisfaction. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



CATALOGUE POST FREE, with full particulars of 'ARIEL' and other Battery and All-Holes Sets; also Radio Grams. All at the lowest prices and on easy terms of payment.

WHY LADIES SHOULD NEVER USE A RAZOR

In youth the hair on a man's face is fine, soft and downy, but after he begins to use a razor it becomes stiff, coarse and thick. A razor stimulates the hair growth just as trimming a hedge makes it grow faster and thicker. This is why women who use a razor to remove superfluous hair find that the hair grows faster and thicker than before. A razor slices off the hair flat at the skin surface. (See Fig. 1.) The next day the stiff, flat ends of the hair grow out straight and still in an ugly coarse stubble.



A British Scientist has recently made a marvellous discovery which removes hair without stimulating its growth or making it coarse and stiff. This is called Veno-White, now combined in the New Vee which dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots, and the hair just falls away. New Vee does not simply remove the hair above the skin surface as a razor does, but dissolves the hair away beneath it. (See Fig. 2.)



The New Vee is delightfully perfumed and as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on, wait a few moments, rinse it off and every sign of hair has disappeared. If by magic, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results are guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Beware of inferior imitations and harmful substitutes. Look on the label for the words NEW VEE.

What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head. I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko. "New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD., 2, Ferry Street (33 V.E.), London, W.I. Please send me: post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NOW YOU CAN CONQUER YOUR CATARRH AND HEAD NOISES



I WILL TELL - FREE! YOU HOW - FREE!

You can now BANISH your catarrh and once more enjoy normal health not only for a few months but PERMANENTLY. However long you've suffered, I say you can stop your catarrh suffering almost immediately. Sounds too good to be true? Well, it IS true. I KNOW IT. I've PROVED it, and I'll prove it to YOU, free of cost, NOW.

NASAL CATARRH ORIGINATES in the COLON

Nasal Catarrh DOES NOT begin and end in the nose. It is right through the system. Nasal Catarrh commences in the COLON and lowers the resistance of the body. Thus germ invaders are permitted to remain in the nasal cavities and multiply. Result, closed nostrils and mouth breathing. Germs breed in throat and ears, causing throat trouble and head noises. Germ-infected mucus from the head and throat is swallowed WHILE ASLEEP. This causes INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and CONSTIPATION. Prior to the important discovery that catarrh commences in the colon, it was thought that by using inhalants, douches, sprays, atomizers, etc., to treat the NOSE AND THROAT, the trouble would disappear. YOU HAVE USED THESE METHODS AND STILL HAVE CATARRH. Every remedy based on the wrong idea that catarrh is confined to the nasal cavities is a FAILURE, and now you know WHY.

SOMETHING NEW—DIFFERENT—SUCCESSFUL

The only way to banish your catarrh is to remove the cause. Never mind what you've tried or how many times you've been disappointed. I KNOW you've not yet used the RIGHT method and want you to use it NOW—without risking One Penny. It's a new way—entirely different and successful. Under its influence the CAUSE of hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose-blowing, heartburn, head-noises, nausea, dizziness, partial deafness and headaches is quickly and permanently corrected. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money. You can stop your catarrh suffering permanently OVERNIGHT.



Nose Blowing

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

Does your nose feel stuffed up?
Does mucus drip into your throat?
Have you noises in the head?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you catch cold easily?
Is your breath offensive?
Do you cough up phlegm?
Is your throat sore?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Is your memory poor?
Do you get tired quickly?

2/- 5-11-32



Headache

CATARRH IS DANGEROUS

Catarrh is dangerous as well as unpleasant. It induces physical and mental dullness—undermines your health and weakens your will. Neglected, it leads to serious throat diseases, total deafness, gastritis, asthma, bronchitis, etc. Don't waste any more time or money on WORTHLESS NOSTRUMS, but ask me to tell you how you can get rid of your catarrh and head-noises, not merely for a day, a week, a month, or a year, but permanently. Send no money—just tear out this announcement, write your name and full address on its margin and post to-day.

If you care to enclose 11d. stamp for postage I shall feel obliged, but this is not obligatory.

Allan Cooper,
33, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

DON'T SEND ONE PENNY

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Biological Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP, 30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

Elasto, the New Biological Treatment, is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, etc.

Send for FREE Sample.

How Elasto cures through the blood is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd., (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

THE GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE

Price complete & Carriage Paid 23/0/0

TERMS: 1/- with Order and 5/- Monthly, Balance Approved

Two super quality white All Wood Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 66 x 88ins. weight 7 1/2 lbs.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges 66 x 88ins. 4 1/2 lbs. pair.

Two Grey Bolton Twill Hommed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4 1/2 lbs. pair.

One coloured Albemarle Hommed Quilt. Size 73 x 84ins.

One Hommed Damask Table Cloth. 64 x 84ins.

Two pure White Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30ins.

One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 30ins.

IMPORTANT: As an extra advantage, we include a 10/- Piece Caterly Service: 4 Station Sheffield Steel Kivern, 4 Desert Size Fertilizer, 4 Desert Size Spoon, & 4 Tea Spoon all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through. 20 years character for honourable trading. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

UNLIMITED XMAS HAMPERS ADDED TO JOHN BULL'S FINE X-WORD PRIZE-LIST!

£500 and 30%

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £800

A WEEK FOR LIFE

HUGE 2nd FIRST PRIZE

£100

BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA
£100

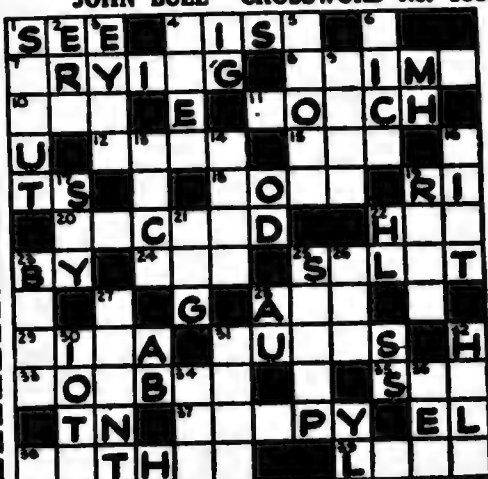
BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

You can make sure of a jolly Christmas by winning ANY prize in "John Bull's" entertaining crossword this week!

Each cash award will be augmented by a huge Hamper, full of seasonable Christmas luxuries, which will arrive just before December 25. Remember—these prizes are IN ADDITION to the big 2-in-1 prize of a cheque for £300 and a Pension of 30s. a week for life—and the awards for Runners-up totalling £300 as detailed here. Get busy at once with the fascinating Clues and win your place at "John Bull's" Christmas Party. But don't forget your entry for this wonderful offer must be in by noon, Thursday, November 10.

WIN A MERRY CHRISTMAS THIS EVENING!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 188—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 10.



JB-188

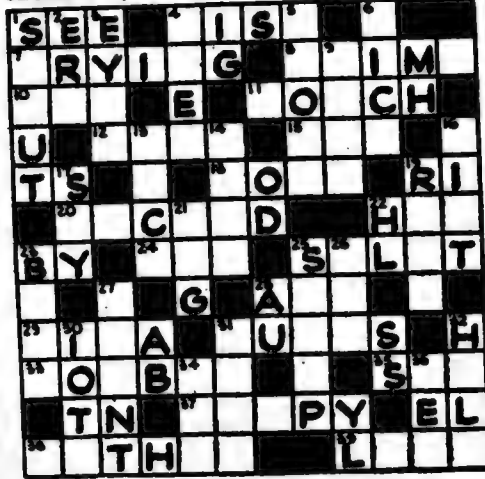
In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED

ADDRESS



JB-188

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 188—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 10.



JB-188

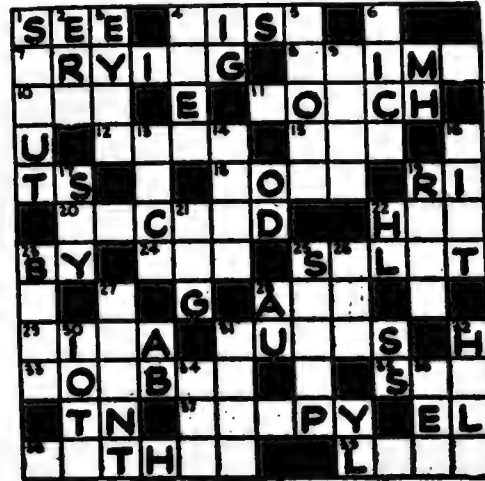
In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED

ADDRESS



JB-188

BIG XMAS HAMPER

ADDED TO EVERY PRIZE

Ten seasonable luxuries are contained in these Hampers arriving just before Sunday, December 25th:—

Pumpkin Pie... Biscuits... Xmas Pudding... Dainties... Cakes... Mince Pie... Almonds... Chocolate... Cigarettes... Crackers... Biscuits and a Bottle of Fine Old Port.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Big Xmas Hamper added to every winner's prize. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up, from whom we have received two six-penny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 17th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 24th.

CLUES ACROSS

- Observe
- Lover's greeting
- Discontented woman is often this
- You enjoy this in Switzerland
- Mineral in the rough
- Invalid welcomes soft one
- Caused the death of
- As 10 across
- What optimist never gives up
- Fruit is, sometimes, before it's ripe
- Possession
- It opens a lock
- Divided
- Consumed
- Current Italian coin
- Revolves
- They make you dubious
- Health resort
- Describes swindler making money
- Makes a mess when shaving
- You have an extra one in for guests

CLUES DOWN

- Describes a good fellow
- Make a mistake
- You see with these
- Joint in the leg
- A journalistic coup
- Eaten by Chinese
- Entice
- Comes to many who gamble
- Goes with "curds"
- Put a punch into argument
- Gets shot at dawn
- Shine often follows
- Small barrel
- Parting doesn't worry man who's this
- Young shaver sometimes has father's
- Is used for writing
- Patently borne by devoted wife
- A lot
- Once ruled Russia
- One of two equal parts
- Definite article
- Grows in a pod

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

POD ROOSES RE
ELATED ROBIN
ANTHONY TANGLE
CLERICALY
BIDDER VENDOR
OF BIRTH DEEDS
WEST EPIC MA
ARU HART RAM
SAIL CARBON
MEET HOUSE WHEN
HOOD ALLIED
HORNET CAST

Solution of
"John Bull"
X-Word
No. 186

Winners in 185
on Page 18.
Result of 186 will
be published next
week. The solution
of "John Bull"
X-Word
No. 186 is given
herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word
competitors. We wish to emphasize that no
claims are required for this X-word as all
entries are being carefully examined by our
staff.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENNY. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between winners' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
No. 188, 57, Long Acre,
London, W.0.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENNY—for four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odbams Press Ltd., and cross it at Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 10th, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 24th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 6th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

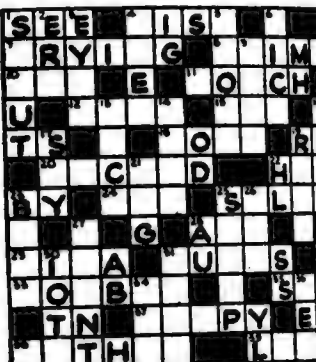
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odbams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

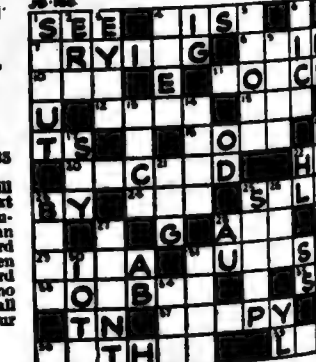
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB-188



JB-188

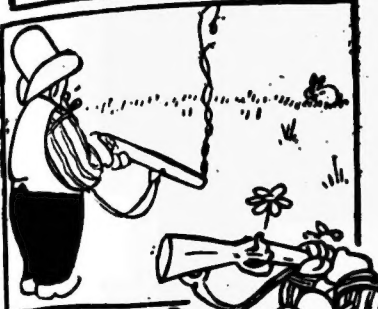
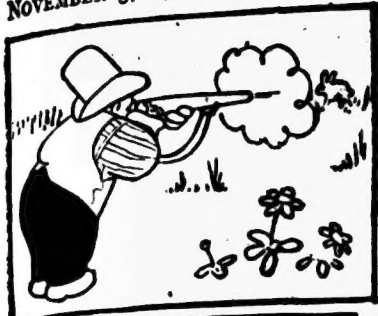


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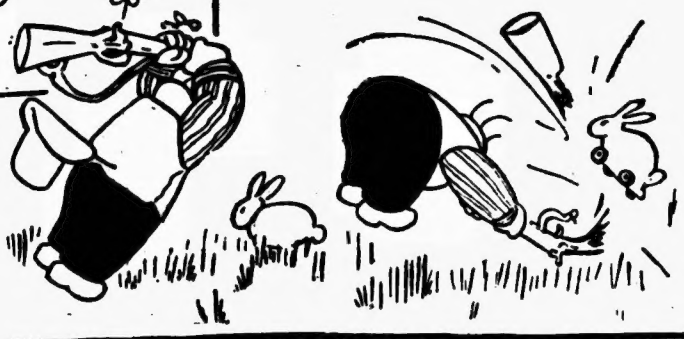


JB-188

The Editor LAUGHS LAST



The
FUR
that
didn't
FLY



ADAMSON

G. N. (Hampstead).—"A very old coat was left in place of mine at the restaurant." A shabby trick.

DOUG (Colne).—"I am to be married on the Fifth of November." So you have found the right guy at last?

A. N. (Kidderminster).—"How can I improve gramophone records which are old and badly worn?" Jump on 'em!

F. M. (Chelsea).—"I gave the rate collector a nasty look when he called last week." So you have got rid of it at last?

DANIEL (Nottingham).—"I got my wireless set for a song." We did, too, but so far we have got nothing but atmospheric.

GRANNY (Radlett).—"Life seems to bring nothing but ups and downs." So you've caught the Yo-Yo craze, too, then.

S. S. (Seaton).—"It is impossible to smoke a cracked cigar." The trouble is to crack it without the donor noticing you.

L. C. (I.O.W.).—"I will write again and tell you what I think." Thanks, L. C. The blank pages will be useful for scribbling on.

IMBIGNANT (Cardiff).—"A strange man came up to me in the street and kissed me." Judging by your photograph he was a strange man!

A. C. E. (Berwick-on-Tweed).—"I wrote a popular type of song in twenty-seven minutes." How did you fill in the last twenty minutes?

PRINCE (Marselles).—"I am filled with admiration of your country. Even your rain is lovely, it is so fresh." Quite so—fresh every day.

J. B. (Derby).—"A baby girl born next door three weeks ago has cried dismally almost ever since." Yet she can't possibly know who her neighbour is.

F. M. (Frome).—"Dear old JOHN BULL, the one and only JOHN BULL, bravo." Sorry, but you must try and borrow from someone else.

DOCTOR (Maidenhead).—"Do you think those scribbles of mine I sent you are worth publishing?" We don't know—the chemist hasn't finished deciphering them yet.

T. M. (Leeds).—"Burglars who broke into my study took practically every paper on my desk except a letter I was writing to you." Burglars are keen judges of value.

HUSBY (Uttuxeter).—"My wife recently delivered a lecture on the advantages of being well dressed, and it was very successful." Oh, so you bought her the lock?

MOLLY (Glasgow).—"During our engagement the shape of his chin annoyed me so terribly that in the end I broke it off." 'Tis just as well you didn't take exception to the shape of his whole head.

Mrs. D. (Saltcoats).—"Is it true that when a string quartette played the Londerberry Air at a prison concert recently the convicts broke down and sobbed?" Yes, but we are happy to say the majority of them took their punishment like men.

S. A. (Bury).—"The season's changes are very trying." From flannels to flannel.

OLD STAGER (Hove).—"When I was a young man, beer was beer." Bitter memories.

F. M. (Baldock).—"I have started to collect old coins." Having given up modern ones as hopeless?

T. M. (Bungay).—"Where is the perfect servant to-day?" Looking out for another place for to-morrow.

WALTER (Huddersfield).—"Most things are not so bad as they are painted." Some second-hand cars could not be.

W. P. R. (Darley Dale).—"Seeing is not always believing." Of course not! Most wives see their husbands every day.

D. F. (Clapton).—"Young married people are spending less on stuffy carpets to-day." And more on the pictures.

M. P. (Tamworth).—"It isn't everybody who can talk a lot about nothing in particular." You're right—you write.

T. J. (Finmere).—"What is your opinion of my enclosed poem?" We are quite sure the Poet Laureate couldn't write anything like it.

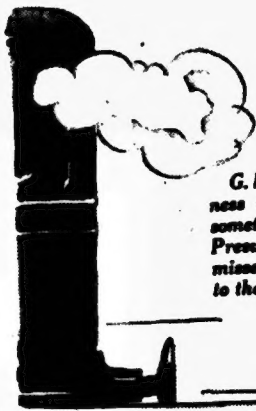
D. B. (Manchester).—"What do you think of the portrait enclosed of the girl who is all the world to me?" We judge you have not seen much of the world.

C. D. (Swansea).—"The modern woman has given up both her hairpin and her rolling-pin." One of the best instances of practical disarmament we have ever known.

H. H. (Dulwich).—"I try to encourage people by telling them there is always room at the top, but it doesn't seem to make me popular." Are you a 'bus conductor?

G. T. (Southampton).—"A prize rabbit in this district is reputed to be worth £600." A squirrel coat made from bunnies like that should cost a lot of money.

S. C. (Banbury).—"A fashion note asserts that 'Milady will be up to her ears in furs this winter.' We'll bet it doesn't tell what father will be up to his ears in when the time comes to settle for them.



G. F. (Purley).—"Happiness lies in the pursuit of something not attaining it." Presumably you have never missed your morning train to the City.



V. C. (Norbury).—"He who laughs longest ——" Always sits behind us at the talkies.

N. V. (Luton).—"I was in a car accident that knocked me senseless." When do you expect to recover?

JACK (Frome).—"I am tired of leading a single life." Then marry and be led.

RUFUS (Flaxton).—"My hair is a perpetual worry." Never mind, it's one of the worries you'll lose in time.

T. M. (Chelsea).—"I am tired of working from morning till night." Then, why not get a job as night-watchman?

P. T. (Romford).—"To be successful one must get up early in the morning." This applies particularly to milkmen.

F. P. (Rotherham).—"Wireless waves can be sent to a considerable distance below water." The trouble is, they aren't.

CONDUCTOR (London, W.).—"Jazz bands no longer sound like jazz bands." Well, that's a step in the right direction.

A. M. (Perth).—"Why should women always walk on the inside of the pavement?" Because that is the shop-window side.

F. M. (Colchester).—"I counted the stairs up to your office." You did not appear to worry about that as you went down.

S. A. (Biggleswade).—"For over a week now I have been unable to eat my breakfast." Our bills always come by first post, too.

POLITICIAN (Westminster).—"I stayed up all night without any sleep during a long debate recently." You couldn't have been listening.

SERGEANT-MAJOR (Maryhill).—"It is my job to drill people." But that's no reason why you should bore us in your spare time.

W. S. (Manchester).—"I am founding a club for men who have been disillusioned in life." You should found one for bachelors, too.

F. D. (Dunfermline).—"A popular bagpipe player in Dundee hardly practices his pieces at all." That explains why he is a popular bagpipe-player.

D. L. (South Shields).—"An ornithologist says that the hen's cackle has been classified as a song." Personally, we should have called it a lay.

D. L. (Hendon).—"A music-hall artiste chews up small stones and swallows them." We understand that he got the idea when masticating boarding-house spinach.

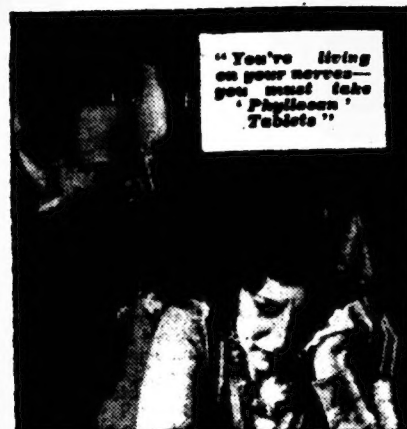
G. M. T. (Leeds).—"The whole world is hungry to-day—and all through a scrap of paper." Well, there's no need for you to be hungry on Christmas Day, anyway. A scrap of paper from page 43 may bring you a Surrey Fowl, a fine Turkey, or a £300 cheque.

L. S. (Coventry).—"A man charged with stealing chickens told the magistrate he had won several cups for marathon racing." Still, that was no excuse for him breaking into a run.

Geo. K. (Glasgow).—"At one time Frenchmen who were in debt were forced to wear blue suits with white stripes." Men who are hard up in England are usually recognised by their green-tinged black overcoats.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



"You're living on your nerves—you must take 'Phyllosan Tablets'"

"I feel
I shall scream
—my nerves are so on edge!"

If shock, worry, overwork, or illness has sapped your energy and shattered your nerves, until you feel as though you will never be able to enjoy life again, read this letter! The writer felt just as you do—yet in a few weeks she became "a new woman!"

"About four months ago I got into a very serious state of nervous debility caused through shock and consequent worry. I was so weak and ill I could scarcely get about and I could not lie down at night for palpitation.

"I was ordered away. At the end of three weeks I was no better, so in sheer desperation, and but little faith, I bought a 5/- bottle of 'Phyllosan' brand tablets.

"In a few days the fluttering and heart trouble ceased, and now, nearly at the end of my second bottle, I am a new woman. All the dizziness and depression have gone and my friends are marvelling at my wonderful recovery."

PHYLLOSAN brand of chlorophyll tablets are prepared under the direction of Dr. E. Buegi, of Berne University. They contain no deleterious drugs, form no harmful habit, and have no unpleasant after-effects.

Two tiny tasteless tablets three times a day before meals are all you need take to win new strength, new energy, new joy in life! Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity, and is therefore more economical.

Start taking
'PHYLLOSAN'
brand
TABLETS TO-DAY!
to revitalize your Blood
rejuvenate your Arteries
correct your Blood Pressure
fortify your Heart, strengthen
your Nerves, and increase all
your Physical and Vital Forces
—irrespective of age!

All Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)
"PHYLLOSAN" is the registered trade mark applied to the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of Dr. E. BUEGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

Coupon for free book

Send this or a postcard to
FARNETT & JOHNSON, LTD., Distributors,
(Dept. 47) 85 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1

Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," describing Dr. Buegi's researches and the remarkable results obtained with "Phyllosan" brand tablets.

Name

Address

Use uncanceled stamp, with 1d. stamp.
WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS. J.B., 5/11/32.

Issued by Natural Chemicals, Ltd., London.

**UNABLE TO WORK THROUGH
DUODENAL ULCERS***Now a different man!*

Every sufferer from indigestion in any form ought to read this letter. Two months' treatment ends nine years' agony!

"For the past nine years I have been practically incapacitated from any kind of work due to suffering from Perforated Duodenal Ulcers. A serious operation seven years ago was not successful, and since then I have been an in-patient at various hospitals four times, besides attending as an out-patient for long periods, but have obtained very little relief from pain. Two months ago I decided to give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial, with the result that now I feel a different man altogether. I obtained instant relief, and am now able to eat and enjoy food which for several years I have not dared to venture."

Try this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder yourself. Any doctor will tell you that the Maclean formula is now used in all the leading hospitals and is achieving wonderful results.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3 and 2/- cartons of Powder or Tablets.—Advt.

**MEN WHO SUFFER
FROM FATIGUE.**

Here's real news for the thousands of men who are finding that the cares and worries of these difficult times are stealing all their vigour and their strength, finding they cannot make decisions as they once did, finding themselves tired out and listless.

There is a simple, pleasant way to build up new strength and vigour which doctors have been recommending for over fifty years. It is just to take three glasses of Wincarnis a day.

You will find it delicious with its lovely aroma and bouquet, and with your very first glass you will feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins.

For Wincarnis is the perfect tonic for men and women. The wine in every bottle contains all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the vitamins and strength-building elements of beef and malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis to-day. See how delicious it is. See how very soon you find your energy coming back.

WHO LIKES WINTER?**Don't all speak at once!**

There are quite a number of people who will tell you that they actually like the wintertime. They talk of its long cosy evenings. They say that a nip in the air puts a new spring in their step. And they would have you believe that they are rather fine sturdy fellows.

As a matter of fact there is quite a lot to be said for such an attitude. But even the hardiest of people are liable to occasional winter ailments. And that is why I want to recommend to every reader of this article an amazing little book which I have just been reading.

It is almost a complete guide to winter health. And it answers a great many questions with which you may be faced during the coming months. For instance:—

What is the best cure for cold sores on the lips?

What is the best way of preventing influenza?

What is the best treatment for eyes which have become tired and inflamed through driving in a cold wind?

What is the best way of relieving the pain and irritation of chilblains?

What is the surest cure for a sore throat?

These are things worth knowing! And so I suggest that some time in the next day or two you get hold of a copy of the book and study it and keep it by you. It is called "154 Ways to Use Milton," and is supplied free with every bottle of that preparation.

Milton costs sixpence.



LET'S light a cigarette—
light the gas—put a
match to the fire—
strike a match in the dark.

... "Let's Have a Light"—
we say this thousands of
times—act upon the sug-
gestion in many different ways.

Then one day, perhaps, in an
absent-minded way, we throw
away the match and it falls on in-
flammable material and creates a
menacing conflagration.

Fire is a good friend, but it can
also be a deadly foe, as so many
people have found to their cost.

What a blessing "John Bull's"
Great Free Family Insurance has
been to many in whose homes fire
has raged and destroyed. During
this year alone "John Bull" has
paid 3,171 fire benefits, 3,171

cheques have been sent to 3,171
homes, to bring relief and to
restore happiness.

THE ONLY PAPER.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper
to cover the contents of the home
against Fire, just as it is the ONLY
paper to pay benefits on account
of Storm, Flood and Sickness.

Remember that a tiny spark is
sufficient to set your home ablaze
and to jeopardise life and prop-
erty.

If you have not yet done so, fill
up the Registration Forms below.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you free**JOHN BULL**
**Hand this Coupon to your
Newsagent**To (Name of
Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me
weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 5/11/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to**"John Bull" Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent
for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.
Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and Address

of Newsagent

Date

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A
certificate setting out the full benefits and
conditions and certifying registration will be
sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is
enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE
CLEARLY.** J.B. 5/11/32

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. This coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 5 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance. 3d. 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department,
27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

CASH THE COUPONS

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

A Profitable Hobby.

★ Readers' attention is drawn to the G.T.I. Tool Chest advt. on p. 31. A valuable 24-p. Brochure describing the G.T.I. Tool Chest is offered Free, together with particulars of price and how readers can make money in their spare time. Simply fill in the Coupon on p. 31. A small first payment brings this chest of 50 High-grade British Tools to your home, carriage paid.

**No More
Disturbed Nights**
BLADDER COMFORT

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth's "Bladder Comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

Shadforth

(Dept. J.B. 25) 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4
Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17
409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 63, Grace Road,
Don, E.3; etc., etc.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White and all the
chemists hold stock, or gladly obtain to
order at a day's notice.

Shadforth Prescription Service Limited.

**Don't Wear
a Truss!**

After thirty years' experience an appli-
ance has been invented for men, women,
and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, In-
ventor of the Appliance, who cured himself,
and whose experience has since benefited
thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that any body, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and on having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.**

(482H), 88, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482H), 111, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper,
your Illustrated Book and full information about
your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME

ADDRESS

Please write

(plainly)



STILL BIGGER OFFER OF CASH AND XMAS DINNERS!

**WANTED THIS WEEK
OVER
600
MORE GUESTS
FOR JOHN BULL'S
XMAS FEAST**



**10
TURKEY PENSIONS**
ENTITLING YOU TO A BIG XMAS
TURKEY YEARLY AS LONG AS
YOU LIVE OR ONE £5 CHEQUE
IF PREFERRED

**200
BIG XMAS
TURKEYS**

**400
PLUMP SURREY
FOWLS**

OTHER PRIZES
£50 £25
2nd PRIZE 3rd PRIZE
10 of £2-10-0
2000 SPECIAL
RED SEAL TARGETS
8000 'TARGET'
PRIZES

TIME FOR SUN: DEC: 25

TWO TONS OF CHRISTMAS DINNERS!

PICTURE to yourself a tremendous consignment of tender Turkeys and plump Surrey Fowls, totalling over two tons, being despatched from London's busy Leadenhall Market a few days before Christmas!

As many as 610 winners of these seasonable prizes will be decided in this week's enormous offer of Christmas fare. A further batch of ten "Turkey Pensions," each entitling the winner to a plump *Bullet*s Turkey every Christmas for life, must also be won.

When building a *Bullet* you first decide on the broad sense of your message—then you compress it, without sacrificing clearness, into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up neatly with the Example used.

As an illustration, suppose you select the Example MY HEROINE. Your first rough jotting might be GIRL IN PHOTOGRAPH, NOT FILM. Compressing this into neat phrasing, you might finish off your *Bullet* thus—MY HEROINE—GIRL IN MANTLEPIECE "PICTURE."

Before you start on your *Bullet*s, however, study closely the good points of these First Prize efforts:

THE FLOUNDER—GAVE SON "FLYING" START.
ALL WE DO—ABOUT MESS, MESS ABOUT!
IN HER HANDS—WOOL BECOMES "LAME'S COAT."
MOTHER'S JOY—WATCHING HER "MANIKIN PARADE."

Remember you have only until Saturday, November 12, to win that £300 First or to secure one of this week's 610 places at JOHN BULL'S huge Christmas feast.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 871.

WHEN LIVES ARE AT STAKE
GATHERING EXPERIENCE
THE DOG CROWLED AND
AT THE END OF THE ROW
WITH A WATERY SMILE
INSULT TO BRITAIN
DECADENT YOUTH
HEALTHY STATE
THE SUPREME TEST
BUSINESS NAPOLEON
HE WAS LONELY, SO

HUMMING WITH ACTIVITY
IN A WEAK MOMENT
YEARS OF ANXIETY
WAY TO LOSE HER
TOOK HIM IN
ALL
TO HELP FATHER
MY HEROINE
IN THE PICTURES
TRESPASSING
BRIGHT LIGHTS

WORTH HOLDING
SMOTHERED
EVERY MORNING
TO CALM HER
WISE MOTHER
NO MAN
IN HER PLACE
CLOUDS
SHEER WASTE
SHYLY

ADVICE FROM THREE FIRST PRIZE-WINNERS

A YOUNG boiler attendant at the L.N.E.R. Wagon Shops, York, has just become the fifth *Bullet*s Pensioner. Thanks to securing £1 a week for life and £500 cash as First Prize in *Bullet*s No. 867, the future should now be rosy for Mr. T. R. W. Croft, 5, Holroyd Avenue, Tang Hall Estate, York.



Mr. T. R. W. CROFT.
Who owes his success
to "Bullet's Bulletin's"
free help.

In addition to this Life Pension and nest-egg, a splendid Radio Gramophone completes his three-in-one award for his simple but telling *Bullet*—THE FLOUNDER—GAVE SON "FLYING" START. During the past two years, Mr. Croft tells us, he has been steadily improving his efforts, and "Target" prizes, with an occasional half-crown, have provided his encouragement to persevere.

"My efforts are all constructed by the aid of that wonderful little guide, *Bullet's Bulletin*," says this plodder, who is now enjoying the view from the top of the *Bullet*s ladder. He is only one of scores of competitors who have won their way to the top of the prize-list with the helping hand provided by our free weekly budget of *Bullet*s assistance.

"*Bullet's Bulletin* has been a great help to me, especially as a weekly 'don't-give-up' tonic," comments Mr

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed and Co. payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullet's Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 13, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullet's")

C. H. Nicholls, 73, Penrhyn Avenue, Walthamstow, who captured £750 in Competition No. 865.

"I cannot speak too highly of *Bullet's Bulletin* as a real live little helpmate," was the tribute of the winner of £3 a week for life and £1,000 in *Bullet*s No. 864, Mr. A. Balfour, 43, St. Lawrence Road, Upminster. "I look forward to its arrival every week, and it has undoubtedly helped me to the top."

Is it not time that you joined the circle of regular readers? Post off the above coupon and you may be helping yourself to this week's big First or a fine Christmas Dinner.

Example
Bullet _____

Example
Bullet _____

(871) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Nov. 12 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example
Bullet _____

Example
Bullet _____

(871) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Nov. 12 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example
Bullet _____

Example
Bullet _____

(871) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Nov. 12 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example
Bullet _____

Example
Bullet _____

(871) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Nov. 12 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullet's" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullet's" No. 871, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £1, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 871 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 paid to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 867 will be displayed in the window of Mr. London, East Parade, Newarth, York.

"BULLET'S" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed /s/Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and to Joux Bull, and crossed /s/Co. The date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The result of Competition No. 868 will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, November 15. All Prizes and Birthday Gifts will be posted during that week.

XMAS FEASTS **700!**

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6/-

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.

(Dept. S.14).

40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.



MADAME DUBARRY.

Debarry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a common girl when Count Du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to be guillotined Louis XVth, usurping the position of Le

Pompadour. Her glorious complexion, which bewitched the King, was made beautiful with similar materials to those which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shaver is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shaver will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shaver is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shaver, as there is no soda in Shaver to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.



LOUIS XIV.

Louis XIV, who reigned over France from 1643 to 1715, was the most powerful Sovereign in Europe. Richelieu and Mazarin so strengthened the power of the Crown in France that Louis was able to declare, "L'Etat, c'est moi." The people had absolutely no voice in the Government, and he was called "Le Roi Soleil" (The Sun King). He married Madame Montespan, who was

maid-in-waiting to his previous mistress and governess to his children. She was very plain, but clever. Louis was noted as being a dandy. He took special care of his skin, and we have full proof that Louis used the same ingredients for shaving that we have in SHAVEX to-day. The courtiers of those days were known for their good complexions and did everything to imitate Louis Quatorze.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in

6d. 1/- & 1/6 Tubes & 1/6 Pots.

WONDERFUL OFFER

WE want you to try SHAVEX under ideal conditions, and offer you for 6d. post free a SHAVEX OUTFIT, consisting of TEN DAYS' supply of SHAVEX, OUR NEW PATENT RAZOR, ONE SHAVEX Blade, the Best on the market. DON'T MISS THIS OFFER. Write to-day to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night
WE HAVE A ROOM-FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.



ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



VARIKOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESSES.

"Zee-Kol instantly drew out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours."



ERYSIPELAS.

"This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous."

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations. Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished. And Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/8 or a large tin 3/-.



Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.



BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."



LUMBRAGO.

STIFF JOINTS, ETC. Sprinkled for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Per Pot - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube - 9d.;
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.



LADY HAMILTON.

"I do believe, my Lady, your complexion grows more beautiful every day. It must be the Almond Oil in that Venetian Cream you have been using the last week. Your skin has the glow of youth and is as a young girl's. Why, these little wrinkles you had round your eyes have completely disappeared." "I believe you are right, but fie, child! I wonder if Admiral Nelson will think so this evening. He is over a flatterer."

Almond Oil is used in Doge Cream.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.C.6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.